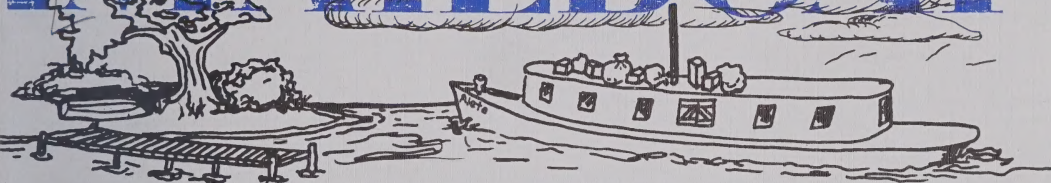


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# THE MAILBOAT



SUMMER 1991, Vol. 2, No. 2

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## Summer Places

Carteret County has long been a place where people flocked for the summer. Hotels have been here since the mid-1800's drawing folks from across the state and the Southeast to the shoreside resorts. The early decades of the 1900's saw these same families building cottages and retirement homes. Long before travel bureaus and visitor's guides, the entire coast of North Carolina - Carteret County in particular - has been a haven for summer visitors.

Yet for those who lived on the coast for the entire year, summers meant something entirely different from resort and hotel living. Natives spent much of the summer tending gardens that would yield fresh vegetables for canning, working the water for every dollar that could be saved, and making preparations for the fall and winter ahead. Still, time was found for swimming in the creek, a trip to the Banks, sailskiff racing across the sound and visiting on porches. Summer was hard work but a time to enjoy the beauty of channel-netting on a starry night, floundering along the shore, picking figs in the backyard, and swinging under the trees.

Summers seem to have changed a lot these days. The visitors many times outnumber the natives, often times making everyone wonder whose in charge. Most of the motels and inns they fill could be found anywhere, none of them matching the grandeur of the old hotels. Big family cottages are now replaced with condo's and townhomes with convenience and amenities replacing the character of wooden-shingled family cottages.

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Bogue Sound (photo courtesy of Jimmy Howland)

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## Letters from You ...

Dear Mailboat,

We were given a gift subscription to **The Mailboat** by our good friends Janice and Billy Smith. We have enjoyed it so much and are delighted with the preservation efforts that are taking place in your area. Our worst nightmare is that progress will overtake "Down East."

Your issue on teachers held two photos of places dear to our hearts. The "teachage" in Atlantic was our home for about two years. As you probably know, there was a missile-tracking station in Atlantic and we transferred from Eau Gallie, Florida, in the mid-60's. While trying to find a place to live, someone suggested the teachage. Needless to say, we didn't even know what a teachage was!

By that time, the teachage had been converted into three apartments. We rented the lower floor; there were two three-room apartments above us. Phillip and Emma Lou Morris had one; Esther Gaskill and her daughter Vivian, the other.

We all suffered from "culture shock" at first. It was a rainy fall, and I sat and watched the rain fall on Core Sound and wished I was anywhere else in the world! But then we got to know the PEOPLE and came to appreciate the ATMOSPHERE. "Mr. Alvin and Miss Rhoda" Mason, our nearest neighbors, became our adoptive parents. By the time we left, we had learned a lot — about a different way of life, a different sense of humor, a sense of having time for everything, and we learned to LOVE the "hightiders"!

Our son started school in Atlantic Elementary under Mrs. Bell's direction; our daughter was in third grade. "Winston's" became a part of our lives. If it was just to run in for a loaf of bread, or for Ken to stop by and chat with the "charmed circle around the stove," it was nice to know it was there — always the same — as it always had been.

Please renew our subscription to **The Mailboat**, and keep up the good work! I look forward to meeting you sometime.

Sincerely,  
Sandy High  
Castle Hayne, NC

Dear Mailboat,

I, John (Jerry) Brooks was born on Harkers island in 1925, lived there and went to school there until I went into the Navy in 1943.

I enjoy your publication very much because I can relate to many of the articles written.

Hope we can meet you on one of our visits to Harkers Island in the future.

Jerry and Irene Brooks  
Alexandria, VA

Dear Mailboat Staff,

To each of you and to all of you! I enjoy and look forward to receiving each issue and bulletin forwarded to me in New York. I purchased a lot "Down East" a few years ago because I loved the area and its culture. It is hard to describe the balance which develops of being from outside the area, loving the area, and keep in touch with the area while being so far away from the area. Your publication is an excellent way of getting a better understanding of the history, culture and wonderful people who live "Down East" and although I'd always be considered an outsider to some, perhaps I will be an outsider with better appreciation of the uniqueness of the area because of your efforts and publication. Keep up the good work!

David E. Uttley  
Sayville, NY

Corrections and Updates from past issues:

Dear Mailboat,

First, I doubt that the picture on p. 19 of the fall **Mailboat** is Core Banks. I painted the 1933-34 rebuilt station and the structures surrounding the station are foreign to me.

Second, I may have some pictures of the Hog Island Club and I'll send them for your collection.

The club was first used in the 1955-56 hunting season and built from Army barracks from Atlantic airfield.

Monroe Gaskill was the caretaker and guided some. He also owned a considerable amount of land there. He and his brothers, Tom and Luther, served at the club.

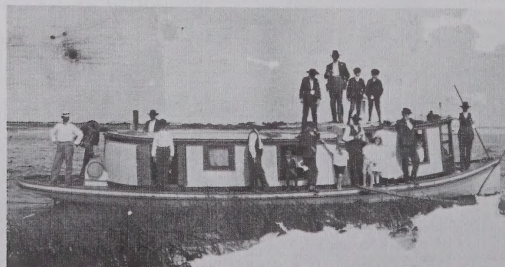
I was there a great deal, but I was never a member of the club. The original organizers and owners were D. G. Bell, George Roberts (Pete) Wallace, Charles North Bennett, Archie Royal Davis (Durham), Mrs. Jackson, Dr. John Morris, MD - all of Morehead.

You are making a fine contribution to the county history. God speed!

Charles B. Wade  
Winston-Salem, NC

A later card added: Just learned - add H. S. Gibbs, Sr. as a Hog Island member. Monroe Gaskill sold the members of Hog Island club the land where it was established.

Can you help identify the pictures below? We have listed what names, places and dates that are on file. We believe these might have been used as mailboats in the Swansboro area. If you have any related information to these boats, please contact Mike Alford at the NC Maritime Museum in Beaufort..



"The Noisy", ca. 1916-1917



"Miss Georgie", possibly Mr. Bartley's boat



## The Atlantic Beach Hotel

*Capt'n Jim Willis*

It was in November of 1931 when Newman Willis and his new bride, the former Etta Lewis, crossed over Bogue Sound to Atlantic Beach, and made their first home together. They were one of the most fortunate couples in the county, for in the middle of the depression, he had just landed the job of caretaker of the new Atlantic Beach Hotel at the fabulous sum of fifteen dollars a week! And, housing and electricity were provided free of charge for seven months of the year! The Hotel was still in the construction stage, so for the time being, they set up housekeeping in the original beach manager's quarters (now called the "Pagoda"), then located where the present West Bogue Boulevard met West Drive on the Circle of the Beach. They lived there for the first winter until they could move into the new hotel the next year.

Although the grandparents of both had lived on the Banks, Newman and Etta were strictly mainlanders, he from Morehead City, the son of "Capt. Jimmy" and Vivian Willis, she from Gales Creek, the daughter of "Uncle Howard" and "Aunt Ampie" Lewis. For them, living on the Banks was a new adventure. I have often thought that they were not really prepared for the isolation, but they seemed to have gotten used to it by the time I came along. In the early thirties from October through April, the drawbridge to the mainland would open to boat traffic at 7:00 pm and remain open until 7:00 am the next morning. So, at night in the winter months, you either stayed home, travelled by boat, or just went somewhere on the Banks. All this changed when the state bought the bridge in 1934. But, even though they were isolated, there was a telephone in the hotel year round. Its number was 4151. It was the only one on the beach in the wintertime of the early thirties. When they first moved over, there was only one family living on the Beach, Kerney Smith and his father, and they soon moved back to the mainland. Families would come and go over the years, but the Willis family was the only one that stayed. Until 1940, there was usually never more than one other family living on Atlantic Beach in the wintertime.

In the spring of 1932 the Atlantic Beach Hotel opened its doors to customers, and Newman and Etta began a ritual which was to last down through the years. Everything about the Beach was seasonal. The hotel would open each season on May 1st, and Newman and Etta would move to his parent's home in Morehead to make room for the hotel manager. On that day the main beach, which was owned by the same company, would also open, but only with a skeleton staff. Things did not really start hopping until Memorial Day around which time school usually recessed for the summer vacation. On the last day of



A postcard from the Atlantic Beach Hotel. Capt'n Jim's Collection.

September the hotel and the Beach would close for the winter, and the Willises would return.

In the spring of 1934 the Willis family had a new addition, who was named for his Daddy and Granddaddy, namely me. The Atlantic Beach Hotel became my home, and it was truly a wondrous place. The hotel was a two story wooden structure with an A-frame roof and sported two cupolas with flagpoles on its roof. It was located at the west end of the main beach on the site presently occupied by the Jolly Knave. The hotel resembled a great big "H" with the bottom prongs of the H longer than the top two. The top portion faced the boardwalk and the ocean while the bottom faced the street.

From October through April, I had the run on the whole hotel and soon knew the whole building from stem to stern. The entire second floor was only sleeping quarters and not very interesting, so I preferred the first floor with all its fascinating rooms. But, I must admit that since I was convinced the Booger Man lived at the west end of the second floor, I wasn't too anxious to go up there even in broad daylight. At night you couldn't drag me up there with a team of wild horses. My favorite room of all was the dining room, which took up the entire first floor of the top left portion of the H. Here I kept and played with all my toys. The room was about 40 feet x 40 feet square, and with all of the tables and chairs stacked up in the southwest corner, I had the best play room ever. It was wonderful!

The bottom portion of the left prong of the H, the northeast corner, on its south side contained the food preparation or serving room, a little room about 15 x 15 ft which we used as a

## Shackleford Banks History Notes

Collected by Mrs. Thelma Simpson

The first record in Carteret County, relating to what later became known as Shackleford Banks was a deed from Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort to John Porter for a "tract of land containing 7,000 acres; lying on the sand banks between Drum Inlet and Old Topsail Inlet."

This deed was dated in 1713, registered in Bk. 63, pg. 171.

Sometime between 1713-1723, Porter sold this 7,000 acres to John Shackleford and Enoch Ward, (son-in-law).

In 1723, John Shackleford and Enoch Ward proceeded to divide this huge tract of land; Enoch Ward was sold one "moity" or 1/2," being from Cape Lookout Bay to Drum Inlet" and John Shackleford "moity" running from "Old Topsail Inlet to Cape Lookout Bay." (Deed Bk., pg 64)

In the will of John Shackleford, 1734-1735, it is stated: "I give my son James, 1/2 of my land on the Shackleford Banks, east of Topsail Inlet; and 1/2 of the cattle hoggs (sic), also Carrot Island". To my daughter, Sarah, wife of Joseph Morse, cows and the right of Joseph Morse to whale and use my boat ..."

\* The first spelling of the name was Shackleford, the spelling changing back and forth throughout the court records. To avoid confusion, the "le" spelling will be used.

When this island was acquired by John Shackleford, Jr. in 1723, it was called CART Island.

In 1736, (the year of probation of will of above,) deeds of division were executed by James and John Shackleford, Jr., with each deeding 1 Moity or 1/2 part of the Banks land, to the other; At the same time, 1/2 of Carrot Island and 1/2 of land on "Neus" road was included. (Deed Bk. D, pg. 193)

James Shackleford, in will of 1759-1759, is stated: "to my son, James, the plantation on his marriage and 600 acres of my 1/2 of the banks, where he chooses; To my son, Joseph, my plantation formerly owned by Joseph Wicker and 600 acres of my banks land." (James Shackleford married Keziah Wicker, daughter of Joseph Wicker.)

In 1759, Richard Ward of Onslow County and James and John Shackleford of Carteret County made another division of Shackleford Banks; Richard Ward sold to James and John Shackleford 325 acres "on the Banks" and James and John Shackleford sold to Richard Ward, 250 acres "on the Banks."

In 1762, John Shackleford, (Jr.) sold to Joseph Fulford, 230 acres of land, "On Shackleford Banks." At the same time, he sold James Shaw of Carteret County, 100 acres "On Shackleford Banks."

June term of Court, 1770 reflects that James Shackleford, Jr. came into court and qualified as executor of the last will and testament of his father, James Shackleford, dec'd.

John Shackleford, (Jr.) made a will, dated March 15, 1771; in which he made bequest to each of the children of Joseph and Blandina Serse. The bulk of his estate was left to his nephew, "Joseph Morse, son of Joseph Morse and Sarah, his wife. "One cow and calf was left to his cousin James Shackleford, son to my brother, James Shackleford."

June term of Court, 1775, stated: "Joseph Morse, Jr. exhibited in

Court the last will and testament of John Shackleford, dec'd. and proved by the oath of John Easton, ...

The next record, pertaining to "Shackel(le)ford Banks" appears to be a deed from Abraham Wade to one Windsor, "a man of color" bequeathed to him by his mother in her will of 1768.

The Deed states:

"In consideration for the long fortuitous and meritorious service I have received for a series of years from said Windsor,

I would like to add this poem which appears in the publication, *Island Born and Bred*. This expresses the way I feel about Shackleford.

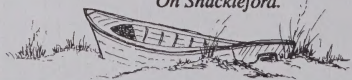
### Shackleford

*I stood on a hill, overlooking the Sea  
where a town or village used to be.  
I thought of the children who once played there,  
who with their parents worshiped in prayer,  
On Shackleford.*

*I walked o'er the spot, where houses once stood,  
down paths that led through thicket and woods,  
Where echoed music in years gone by,  
of mothers singing to a baby's cry,  
On Shackleford.*

*I found my way to a burial ground,  
now covered with brambles all around.  
And I wept for loved ones lying there,  
now free from sorrow, worry or care,  
On Shackleford.*

*I climbed a sand dune, and gazed off shore,  
and listened to the mighty ocean roar.  
I recalled many tales of storms at Sea,  
witnessed by folks, who used to be,  
On Shackleford.*



Ellen T.



## *The Day Old Ma Left the Banks*

*David Murrill*

*Written in 1960 for Mrs. Rosalie Dowty's English class.*

At dawn the day was bright and clear. It was on a Monday in April in the year 1890. And, if everything went well, it was also moving day for Ma and her brood of four little girls and baby boy. They were going to the mainland across the big sound.

Old Ma arose earlier than usual this particular day because she had a thousand and one things to do. As was her custom she went to the door, opened it, and scanned the skies and water. Had it not been so calm and peaceful, she would rather wait. Sudden clouds and squalls could make the sound mighty rough and, in a small sharpie, awfully dangerous ... So she decided this was the day.

"Uncle" Kib (her brother-in-law) would soon come in his sailboat after her and the children and their meager belongings. He was moving his family that day and had offered her this opportunity to go live with them in their new home. She had recently lost her husband, and there was no way to make a living here on the Banks. He had been a follower of the sea and had died while serving in the Life Saving Station at Cape Lookout. Since his death she had earned enough to buy food and a few other necessities by knitting fish nets, helping to mend nets, and curing yaupon for tea.

There were many thoughts going through her mind as Old Ma turned towards the part of the house where she cooked their meals in the fireplace. Slowly she walked over by the hearth, gathered a few sticks of wood that were nearby, and started a fire. She put fresh coffee in the coffee pot and hung it over the fire to boil. She put the iron spider quite close to the fire and placed dough she had made the night before in it to bake. "Now," she thought, "I'll go call the young'uns and by the time they have their clothes on, breakfast will be almost ready." Just as she was going to get the children up, a loud jolly voice called through the doorway, "Julia, honey, are you about ready?" It was Uncle Kib, and he had come in time to eat breakfast with them.

Hurriedly, she managed to help the smaller children with their clothes while the larger girls helped each other and soon came running to the kitchen to see their dear old Uncle. Making himself useful, he watched the bread, turned it over, and smelled the coffee to see it had brewed enough. The girls set the table, and when all of them sat down for the meal, Old Ma came in with the young baby and took her place at the head of the table.

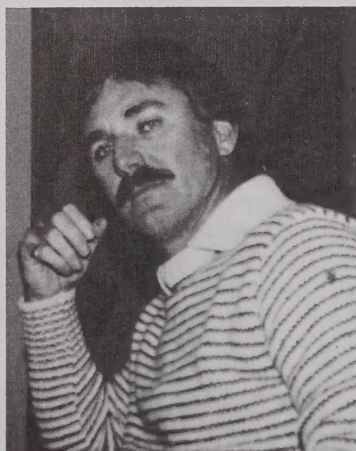
This was the last meal they would have in this small home they loved so well, and because she could hardly speak, with sadness she asked Uncle Kib to ask God's blessings on all of them, the few things they possessed, and to ask that they would have a good life in their new home.

Soon afterwards, several women who lived nearby came in to help get the moving underway. They packed the dishes, pots, and pans in tubs. They folded all the bed quilts, sheets,

and pillow cases and tied them together with a piece of rope. Uncle Kib took the beds apart and stood them outside the door so the women could take them down to the shore. Soon everybody had something under their arms and went down the path where the sharpie was waiting. It wasn't long before all the household items and personal belongings were secured in the boat. Most of the children were eager to get started and began calling, "Come on, come on."

However, Old Ma was not very anxious to hurry away from the home and people she loved so well. Her heart was heavy as she called Uncle Kib to one side and whispered something in his ear. He took her by the hand, and they walked slowly towards the old family cemetery where both of them had mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and where old Ma's husband was buried. For awhile they stood silent -- just looking at the graves. I think they must have wept.

The children's calling and yelling aroused them from their thoughts, and so they began walking towards Uncle Kib's boat; a long trip on the water -- a new beginning for all of them, and nobody looked back at the place they had left and loved.



*In memory of  
David M. Murrill,  
whose love for the Banks  
will never die!*

Shackleford Banks, Continued from Page 4.

## *Penning of the Little Banker Pony*

"A Tale of Core Banks"

"You can't go home, you'll have to stay,"  
Sang the lonely lad to the little bay.  
"No more you'll roam the Banks and Ca'e,  
For they say your breed must be fenced away."  
His head was down and his mane was matted,  
And he felt defeat though his pen was slatted.  
He saw blue water, sniffed salt air,  
And dreamed of a freedom beyond the Bar.  
Dimly he knew how the sires had come,  
Over the seas with pirates and rum.  
Up from the Santo where left by Balbo,  
Thence to the Banks by Teachess' foe.  
The evening crept in and the moon was on Core,  
Little Banker was quiet, but grieving no more.  
Low tide was approaching as he swayed to and fro.  
The fence gave quietly as he stepped toward the shore,  
And made ready his swim at the ebb of the tide.  
The men came running with shouting and flame,  
But the Little Banker Pony was riding to fame.  
He splashed and he swam to Shackleford Bend  
To run and free and wiry, and strong to the end.  
How he'll flee and he'll hide when men come to fish,  
Or lads hunt for turtles by the moon if they wish.  
He'll watch from a distance, or sprint out of sight,  
When they come for a ride, or may give them a fright.

Billie C. Huling

a negro man and considering that he has a family of children to provide for and that he has the same feeling and affection for them that is natural to mankind; and that liberty and equality dear to all men to which by the laws of nature and almighty God all are equally entitled ... I do therefore by these present, emancipate, liberate, and discharge the said Windsor and reward him with all the liberties and immunities of a man freeborn; to free as in my power to do so, only withholding and reserving to my self occasionally in part of in all, if need, his services during my lifetime and at my decease to be completely free and his own man; not to be enslaved, subjugated by my heirs and assigns, not any of theirs and that the said Windsor may not be a burden or expense to my children nor the community; I do hereby give and bequeath to the said Windsor his heirs and assigns forever a certain piece of parcel of land situate lying and being in the County of Carteret, on Core Banks or what is called Shackleford banks, containing just fifty acres being what is called Jack's Place; the said land I bought of James Shackleford, together with all appurtenances, profits, privileges and advantages commonly annexed to landed property and will for myself, my heirs and assigns the said land with all the above. In witness whereof I have set my hand and seal the twentieth day of April in the year 1801; signed and sealed and delivered in presence of John Briggs and James Shackleford, (Jr.).

Abraham Wade, his mark

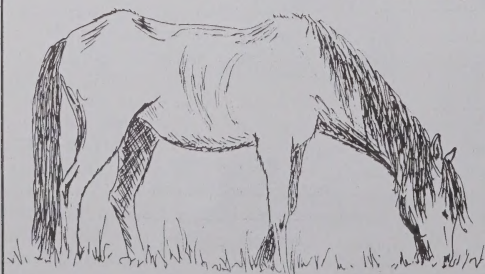
Note: Above Windsor had died before 1850, but his descendants were still living on Shackleford Banks," but, according to oral history sources, they all left when the storms of the 1890's forced most of the resident to leave the Banks forever.

The last part of Shackleford Banks, owned by the family of that name, appears to be a record of deed of sale from James Shackleford of Carteret County to Roger and John Shackleford of Georgetown in South Carolina "a certain parcel of land on Old Topsail Inlet; beginning at Whaler's Creek on said Banks and across to the sea; thence back to Old Topsail Inlet; 1200 acres, dated 1805.

In a publication, in the Carteret County Library, entitled "Georgetown County, South Carolina, Tombstone Inscriptions" are records of death for Capt. Roger Shackleford; b. Aug. 16, 1773; d. Oct. 3, 1814; "A native of North Carolina" nearby lies John Shackleford; died March 10, 1823; age, 61 yrs.

Note: When my family came to Lennoxville Point in 1915, we took a boat trip over to these Banks in search of grapes, which we had been told, were plentiful. There were plenty of grapes, but plenty of "chiggers" too. Only one house remained in that area, in which lived a man named Joe Lane Lewis, who gave us water from a cistern located fifty feet out on a shoal. (These remnants can be seen even now at low tide.)

Today, this "Shackleford Banks" is owned by Cape Lookout National Seashore; but the descendants of those who once lived there continue to go back home, if only for a few hours to swim, fish, and carry on the traditions passed on from generation to generation.





## "When the Summer Visitors Leave Carteret"

*Villages and resorts along coast take count of successful season*

Fay Huntley Edwards, Reprinted (in part) from *The News & Observer*, September 8, 1940

### (West Front Street, Beaufort)

There is an emptiness and a stillness everywhere. Miss Emma and Miss Etta Manson sit very close together in their rocking chairs on the porch of the Manson House. Theirs is a feeling of peace -- but a lonely peace. When they were little girls back in the 1860's, they played contentedly under the shade of the silver maple trees or in the warmth of the friendly sun in front of the house of their grandfather, Thomas Duncan, two doors up. He built his mansion when he was a young and prosperous sealord at least 150 years ago. At that time he owned the small and beautiful Piver's Island which lies in the harbor, and most of Front Street in the lovely Beaufort of coastal Carteret in North Carolina.

The quaint and charming sisters pause and ponder as they sit here late in the afternoon on this hazy September day. They miss the gay young laughter of their summer roomers when they usually sat with them in the twilight to watch the sunset and rehearse the happenings of the day. Often there were "two settings" of the table -- 45 or 50 squeezed in at a time. These students from the Art Colony, the School of Dance and the Summer Biological Class, all which are sponsored by the Woman's College in Greensboro, are in session four to six weeks each summer at historic Beaufort. The young artists are inspired by the fine old houses and trees, which in the traditional background of the sea captains along with the boats with the white sails and the endless stretch of water. These girls have gone now, and have taken their sketches and painting, but the originals remain.

And those sturdy boys, hard and brown, at the Duke University Marine Laboratory, just 150 yards across the channel on Piver's Island, swim to the Manson House porch to be "mothered." Sometimes they pulled the luscious black figs from the trees planted by Grandmother Duncan -- these trees, with their shadowy and picturesque branches, tower to the roof of the old house, and bend over with their burden of fruit. Yes, Miss Etta and Miss Emma are lonely. They sit on the porch surrounded by the quiet dignity on Front Street of generations gone by. The summer has come to an end.

... These are Beaufort natives, wholesome and hard working people asking no help of any one. After the hurricane of '33

they were put to a severe test. The Government made a survey of this coastal section to estimate the damage done. The fishermen were compelled to have help from an outside source. After such persuasion and serious thought on the part of the fisherman, they would say they "reckoned" they could built back the shed for about \$75.00 or less. It was suggested they go on a daylight savings time. These people of habit considered that a sacrifice. Many a night they go out with their boats or seining fleet to their fishing grounds because the time is right to fish -- the clock has nothing to do with it. They are comfortable

people, with the droll, fleeting flashes of wit. You want to have them about you as long as they stay. Every afternoon is a Saturday afternoon -- day's work is done. There's time to cut the grass and trim the hedge around the little plot; time to get the news on the radio; time for "pa" to wiggle his toes in the sand with the kinds. When they are asked what has been more help to them than anything else in recent years, they speak up quickly saying -- the road, the fine roads the state has built. These people live close to the soil, they discover beauty there, and life is wholesome and full.

As the city folk leave the little villages and resorts along the coast, the farmers working his crop talks about the fine summer people with their shiny cars and "nice ways" that go speeding by. They are happy. They have been

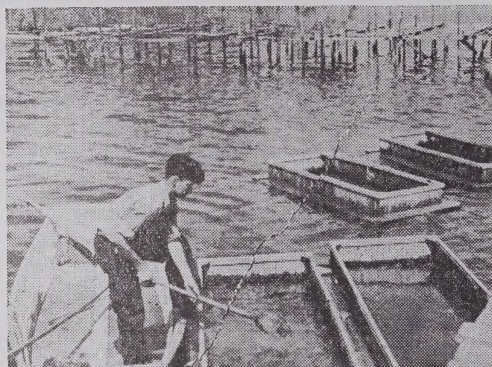
able to sell their fresh vegetables and fruits -- they have made a little money to tide them through the winter. The friendly fisherman in his snug little house notices their absence too. The cozy cottage have bubbled over with life -- for it has been a full season. The fisherman's wife has put aside a small sum for extras -- there never seems to be any left over from the income. The fisherman takes a "breathing spell" as he tilts back his straight back chair in the freshly scrubbed kitchen and chews on the sea weed. It's nearly time to put up the storm doors and windows. He shucks the first juicy oysters for his family's use -- no conscientious scruples for the visitors have gone home.

A century ago when a company wanted to build a railroad through this section of the county the shrewd and farsighted Thomas Duncan approved the idea while some of his contemporaries opposed it, fearing their children would be run over by a big engine. Duncan calmly said, "If my children can't keep off the tracks they deserve to be run over." When he died he left delightful homes and valuable property on the romantic Front Street to each of his nine children.



Miss Etta and Miss Emma





Dipping out soft crabs at Broad Creek.

Now there are brightly painted chain stores and red gasoline pumps, and enterprising citizens seek to improve the town, but -- a quality remains that cannot be changed. Today, Miss Etta and Miss Emma sit on the port of Manson House and watch the great great grandchildren of the man who sailed the sea to this magical port play in the sand where the cool clear water gently laps the outline of the shore.

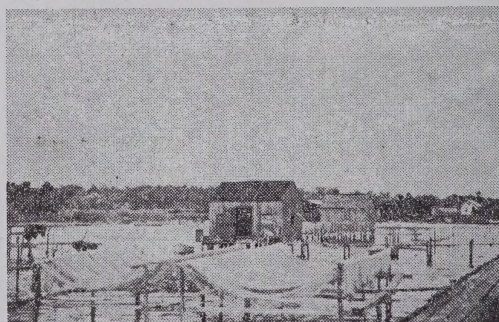
#### (Village of Broad Creek)

Located twelve miles from the fishing village of Swansboro which was settled in 1717 by an English sea captain and his wife, is the picturesque Broad Creek Section of Carteret County. In one of the typical little homes lives E. S. Guthrie who owns one the of the largest crab ponds in this part of the state. He is a characteristic example of the old school. There was a flicker of sadness across his usually merry face with its sunburned wrinkles as he said, "We've got the

inlet but we don't have the outlet." His is a large industry with a crew of twenty men, and he has been in the business over seventeen years. This is the best season for soft crabs and he sends out 7,000 weekly to be used locally and shipped to northern markets. Fifteen thousand could be easily gotten ready for shipment if there was a market. His expert crew buys the crabs "in the raw" from the little fishermen dotted here and there.

Long nets held by these ruddy men are dragged through the clear shallow water. The "mash is finer than that in other nets so that the little fellows can't slip through. The crabs are sorted, the ones are already soft are taken out of the nets first; peelers are thrown into the crab floats where they "shed out" in from three to four days. These floats which are shallow boxes, with slits in the sides and bottom allowing a couple of inches of water inside, are tied to a stake in an inclosure surrounded by a low fence along side a 200 ft. dock. The small boats glide quietly in and out among the floats and the soft crabs are skillfully dipped out at just the right time with a cone shaped net. Immediately they are packed in layers with moist sea weed and crushed ice between them ready to be placed in wooden trays for shipment.

Brought to *The Mailboat* by Jimmy Howland.



Net spreads at Broad Creek

### *The Old Porch Swing*

*Its gentle swing has put us to sleep,  
when we were a little child.  
We remember it still over the year,  
and across the many miles.  
It's a symbol, to those who knew  
its charm -  
a very special thing.  
There's a feeling of deep content-  
ment,  
found in the old porch swing.*

*When we were tired from playing  
hard,  
we'd sit and swing and rest.  
When we were older we'd seek it  
out,  
to think through some of life's tests.  
We sit and swing and talk to  
friends,  
and sometimes we'd just wing.  
Plans were formed and futures  
decided,  
as we nudged the old porch swing.*

*Then when things were settled  
down,  
and the years had added up.  
We'd sit and enjoy our memories,  
and think how full our cup.  
But not it's just there swinging in  
the breeze -  
a lonely looking thing.  
There's nobody there to swing or  
remember,  
those days in the old porch swing.*



*John's Creek Diary*

AUGUST '36 - A hot, hazy morning: I'm slowly wakened to "quiet sounds." My bed is next to a large window pushed all the way up where a sprawling ash tree barely brushes and whispers against the screen. A bluejay scolds and others birds sing and flit among the branches. The sun tries its best to slip it's "gold" through the thick fluttering leaves and with the light southerly breeze, gives a warm shaded atmosphere -- which is mighty inviting to a bit-more sleeping-in.

Then I hear mother laughing and singing "In the Good 'ole Summertime" -- I become more alert, something's "in-the-wind"! Daddy says, "Not me, I got sea sick the last time, you go on -- I'll be fine." Then he peeps in at me and says, "Better get up 'Punkin,' your mother's got a trip a-going." That does it! I hit the floor on a run and head for the kitchen. Mother has stepped out to the clothesline and there's two big brown paper sacks on the kitchen table. I see groceries in one and clothes and bedsheets in the other. That can mean only one thing ... an overnight trip to the Cape! Sure-'nuff, Mother says friends with a house to the Cape have invited us over. We have to catch the mailboat over there and we need to get our belongings to the mail dock. The baggage is double-checked, making sure there's plenty of everything for a couple of days and nights.

Daddy comes from working long enough to get us to the mailboat. We put our stuff on the dock and sit there to enjoy the wait. One of our Coast Guard friends is also waiting to ride back to the Coast Guard Station, so while we watch ripples on the water and fluffy white clouds shift and change shapes, he tells us "skeeter stories" ...

The mailboat's ready to go so we board and settle in for a pleasant trip. With the engines putt-putt sound comes also the gentle slap of the steady waves against the boat bottom, the call of the sea gulls and the brush of cool salt breezes against our faces. There are several others on-board and all are sitting outside because no one cares to ride inside the cabin.

We get to the Cape and go directly to the little camp near the Coast Guard Station. There are several "shot-gun" houses here with a living room/kitchen combo and as many bedrooms as one cared to add-on. A front porch is always there -- facing the east'rd and running the full length of the cabin. There are huge sand dunes between us and the east'rd beach with spans of green "animal-mown" grass and rushes and an occasional "shrub-bush" making beautiful sand, sea, and windswept green spaces. The air is so clear it's hard to believe it's August. We put our things away and I'm assigned a cot below a window toward the Lighthouse. Beds are made and while supper cooking, we young'uns go for a swim and a run to the "Coca-Cola house" for cold drinks. By the time we get back, supper has been spread on the long white table and "my-oh-my" what food! (Why did the simplest fare taste so much better there than "Sunday Dinner" at home?)

After supper the dishes are cleared and we watch a red, gold and amber sunset that defies description, while the eastern

skies are already becoming a deep purple with the approaching night. Kerosene lamps are lit and turned down low while screens are wiped with kerosene to ward-off gnats. Tonight's a full moon so we each gather us a blanket and climb to the top of a dun and watch the night skies. There's play, laughter and occasional singing. The night's skies become deep dark velvet and we watch the stars sparkle through. As we watch, the spectacle becomes breathtaking because it seems we can touch those stars in the crystal clear atmosphere. This is one time that's everyone's quiet ... waiting for the glow of the moon to appear in the east. It rises like a great golden ball and gleams a track across the ocean that moves with only soft swells and softly curling breakers on the beach.

While we enjoy the night and each other, the moon climbs higher until we're all pleasantly tired and sleepy. We walk quietly back to our cabin. The sun, wind, starlight and moonbeams have worked their magic and as I stretch-out on cool, soft sheets in the gleam of Cape Lookout Light there's no need for lullabies.

Daybreak comes on the Cape with an unheard shout as the sun bursts forth over the same beach and dunes. We discuss what to do on this day before we all crawl out. I whispered to Mother that my ear had "flapped" in the breeze while I was going to sleep last night. She laughed and explained it was the wind blowing across my ear. Breakfast was eaten amid much chatter and laughter, our "quarters" are put in order and we're off to the shore. We've decided ocean-side will come later in the day. The tide is low and we chase sand-fiddlers for awhile, smearing each other with wet sand and heading for the water and a quick swim. We have some safety pins, twine and bits of fat meat for crabbing so we manage to catch a couple dozen and put them in a burlap sack to take home. There's a crew fishing in the "hook" so we run to where they're "beaching" and they give us fish for supper. Hearing the dinner bell at the Coast Guard Station is also our signal -- so we gather up our fish and crabs and head'er home. There's a lunch of fried bologna, cold pork 'n beans, a big jar of homemade pickles and a 5-cent pop -- Not bad 'neath the Cape sun and breeze. Our mothers force us to stop for awhile, stretching on the front porch and being lazy for awhile "while our dinner settles".

Fresh beach clothes are donned and we're off to the ocean side. The afternoon is spent wave-jumping and shell gathering, swimming and laying at the edge of the water. As the sun gets big and low in the west'rd we're heading home once again. Half-starved we find fried fish, stewed hard crabs in thick gravy with dumplings, stew-fried I'sh potatoes and onion, steamed cabbage, baked cornbread, iced tea and fresh baked pound cake! (Good thing we were "roughin'it", huh?)



## *Memories of Lupton, North Carolina*

Have you ever been to Lupton, North Carolina? Outside of Carteret County it would probably be hard to find someone who had even heard of it, but for many in this area the community of Lupton holds many memories of childhood.

Hog Island where Lupton was located is one (now possibly two) of the small islands located around the Cedar Island area. Hog Island was no different from any other fishing village along Core Sound. Its inhabitants (beginning with the Indians) were totally dependent on the abundance fish and shellfish surrounding it. This did not change during the centuries that people lived in this area. Even in the early 1930's, when the last permanent residents of the community of Lupton, the mainstay of those who lived there was fishing.

The name of Hog Island came from possibly two sources. One being that wild hogs (or boar) roamed this area. The other being a land transaction for this area in the name of "Hoag." More research is needed to confirm the original source.

Hog Island, on maps of this area since 1733, have possibly been in the Styron family since 1741. A land deed of 1816 shows that land was transferred from Silas Lupton I to Thomas Day. It is possible that people may have been there even before this with the traditional "squatters rights" as was the custom during that time.

### **Lupton Family**

According to Jean Day's **Cedar Island, Past and Present - Part II**, the first Lupton in Carteret County was Christopher Lupton in 1770.

"The Cedar Island branch of the Lupton family has a legend that the family originated in France where an ancestor was Commander in Chief of the French armies, and during a revolution, fled to England. There he married into an English family.

"The Lupton Family which later settled on Hog Island left England because of religious persecution and settled at Cape May, NJ. It is uncertain as to the date. In 1770, since was so cold in New Jersey, and the whaling industry was failing, three Lupton brothers decided to move to a warmer climate. We do not know where they planned to go, but were shipwrecked off Hog Island, NC. Apparently one brother drowned, but the other two made it safely to shore. They called the little island where they landed, Lupton. Later Hog Island had a post office which was called Lupton."

Silas Lupton, son of Christopher (one of the shipwrecked brothers) in his will of June 30, 1857 stated: I, Silas Lupton of Carteret County, being of sound mind ... I give to Silas S. Lupton my youngest son, all of my houses on Hog Island ..." Silas Lupton's son, Allen Lupton II (of Silas' second marriage) was born September 9, 1829. He married Caldonia Gillikin on January 25, 1848. There children included: (sons) James Allen, Christopher C., Elijah Wilson, and William Baker; (daughters) Brittine Elmaline, Charlotte Ann, Sara Frances, Julia Annis, and Sally.

James Allen, born July 25, 1849, married Sophia A. Goodwin at the age of 58. The family story goes that James Allen visited

*Continued on Page 11.*

### *"When Grandad Went Fishing with Old Jerry"*

By Christina Lupton as told to her by her Grandfather, Jimmie Lupton when Christina was 9 and Grandad was 74.

When Grandad was a little boy he lived on an island called Hog Island. The name of the post office was Lupton, NC. Everyone fished for a living and to get fish to eat.

In the summer the men would go catch mullet, which was a very good fish. On one particular day, Grandad wanted to go with them but they thought he was too small. He was standing on the shore crying because he wanted to go fishing so bad.

An colored man called "Old Jerry" was on his way to catch some mullets. He stopped to see why he was crying. He said, "Why are you crying little Jimmy?"

"Because I wanted to go fishing with them and they wouldn't let me go."

"Why you can go with me if your mother will let you go," Jerry offered. So little Jimmy ran up to the house to ask his mother if he could go fishing with Old Jerry. His mother said, "Yes, but let me fix you some dinner to take with you."

Grandad remembered the trip like this:

"I went down to the shore and to the boat and went off.

While we were sailing along I got the food and said, 'I am hungry -- let's eat,' and when we got to the shore we took out our food

and ate it. When we finished we took down the sail and started looking for mullets.

Old Jerry said 'Little Jimmie, you get up on the bow and look for mullets because your eyes are better than mine.'

As soon as I got up to look I turned around and said, 'Gee, why old Jerry, there's mullets jumping everywhere!'

Old Jerry quickly answered, 'They are scattered mullets. We want a school of them because our net is too short.'

I looked ahead and there was a black school. Old Jerry saw them too. 'Little Jimmie, you jump overboard with the staff and I'll pole around them.'

The fish started hitting the net and jumping and we got excited and pulled the net into the boat. The net was full of mullets. Then we put the sail up and headed for home.

When we got to the shore I ran up to the house to tell Mama that we had caught a boat load of mullets. She said, 'It's a good thing you have or we wouldn't have any fish for supper.' The others had not caught a thing!

**I was one proud boy!"**

(This treasured story was brought to **The Mailboat** by Pat Lupton Gilgo, Jimmie's daughter and Christina's aunt.)



## Lupton, Continued from Page 10

Sophia's family when she was just an infant. At the time he declared that he would marry her someday. Twenty-five years later he did. He died on January 22, 1922 at the age of 73 leaving Sophia with five children to raise, the oldest being 13 years old.

The children (Baker, Ellen, Allen, James, and Callie) of James "Jim" Allen and Sophia were all born on Hog Island. Jimmie, Ellen and Callie all remember well their homeplace on Hog Island. Their memories work together to detail the "way it was" on Hog Island ...

*"My mother was an exceptional person. She had to have had good health and a lot of grit to provide for five kids after my father died. My oldest brother Baker, went to work in the Lighthouse Service when he was fourteen to help support us and to send the four of us to school. It was after the 1933 hurricane that she decided for the other two boys to have work, she would need to move to Beaufort. I don't ever remember lacking the essential things ..."* (Callie)

*"We boys played ball in the road and we'd make a ball out of three net leads, wrap it tight with yarn and whatever string we could find to bind it ... When you got hit with that you knew you were OUT!"* (Jimmie)

*"I finished the sixth grade in a one-teacher school at Lupton on Hog Island. Father died January 22, 1922 and was buried on Cedar Island in the Lupton Cemetery. Mother was left with five children, the oldest 13 and the youngest 3. We moved to Cedar Island the next fall to be near mother's people. Cedar Island had two schools and two post offices (Lola and Roe). I finished seventh grade at Lola.*

*My mother, brothers and other nice people, tore our house down and rebuilt it at Lola, the next year. It has been said that mother handled every piece of lumber and drove most of the nails ...*

*I taught two years at Hog Island. I had seven pupils in all seven grades ... and no bathroom, not even a makeshift bathroom. The desks held two people and we had just a few books. We were mostly on our own. The county would pay us in 'county script' and it was hard to find somebody that would take it so we could buy something to eat."* (Ellen)

*"I always thought it was a shame (though there was an advantage to it) taking away the neighborhood schools; every little village in Carteret County had a school of its own."* (Jimmie)

*"The mail was brought to Hog Island (which was Lupton) on the mailboat, and then the mail for Roe (which was the upper end of Cedar Island) and the mail for Lola (which was the lower end of Cedar Island) would go there. Lupton you might say was the distributing point. I have seen letters and cards that were postmarked 'Lupton, NC.'" (Jimmie)*

*"We lived out of our garden and what we could get out of the water ... We'd go once in a while to the Primitive Baptist Church at Cedar island. They'd preach for hours and hours ... young'uns starving to death ..."* (Ellen)

*"John Leland Gaskill was the last baby born on Hog Island and the only baby born with a doctor there, probably Dr. Hyde."* (Jimmie)



Callie's Memories of Lupton on Hog Island ... painted from the her memory with the help of her family. Starting at the east end near the Shell Mound at Cedar Hill and walking westward the houses were located in this order: - Daniel Styron Home (He owned a grocery store just below his house) - "Jim" Allen Lupton Home - our house - Ed Gaskill House - "Marg" and Swain Lupton House - Willis Gaskill House - Joe Emory House - Ira Carawan House - (White two-story house unidentified.) - (To the south) Lupton School, cemetery and dipping vat - John Morgan and Molly Goodwin Homeplace - Willis Gillikin House - Sam Styron House - Bill Styron House - John Wallace Styron House - "Miss

Meevie" (Postmistress) - The post office was located on the main road just below her house. - Silas Lupton House - Charlie Styron House - John Smith House - Cemetery - Albert Styron (who later moved to Ocracoke and owned a store) - Fish houses (located in the Shell Cove) belonged to Milt Lea, Stanley Woodland, and John G. Piner.

Sources: Interviews with Jimmie Lupton, Ellen Dickinson, and Callie Ferrier; *The Luptons of North Carolina* (by Shirley Edwards and Gladys Sadler) and Jean Day's Cedar Island books.



## School Days Remembered

Bill Mason

From *The Life and Times of Bill Mason: Brown Creek, South River and Lukens*

### The Brown's Creek Schoolhouse

... They all came together and built a larger schoolhouse down on the side of Brown's Creek, half way between South River and Turnagin Bay. The children from South River, Turnagin Bay and Brown's Creek, attended the Brown's Creek School until the people all moved away from Turnagin Bay by 1902.

My sister, Lucy went to school there for two terms. She said our father carried her to school on his shoulders the first day she went which was March, 1902. Ida Edwards Lee, Thelma's mother went to school there some.

I think Wilkins Smith was the first teacher, then Clarence Simpson taught some and Ervin Russell, from Russell's Creek taught at this school a lot. The last two years he taught at Brown's Creek was 1903 and 1904. He would teach six weeks at Brown's Creek and six weeks at South River in the church house. They taught three months in the spring, March, April and May. The school house at Brown's Creek was still there in 1919 when we all moved away.

### The Shop Hills Schoolhouse

After the people all left Turnagin Bay, they built another schoolhouse halfway between Brown's Creek and South River, near Horton's Bay (called the "Jump and Run"), located at the Shop Hills. It was not red. It was painted white, when it was painted which was not often. The one at Brown's Creek was a gray color. The new schoolhouse was built in 1904. That was where I went to school and spent some of the happiest days of my life ...

### Going to School

In the spring of 1909, when I was almost seven years old, they let me start to school. I had been waiting to go for some time. We had to row across Brown's Creek and walk a mile through the woods. I had learned the ABC's and how to read a little bit and got in the second grade the first year. We only had three months of school in 1909, (March, April and May). Mr. Bryan Paul from Arapahoe taught that year.

My sisters, Allie and Lucy, my cousins, Horace Lewis, Sadie Lewis, Pennie Hamilton and myself went that year from Brown's Creek and about 20 pupils from South River. Sometimes the weather would be so bad we could not go and when the older children would go and they would keep me home, I would raise a ruckus. I have cried lots of times to go to school.

The school at the Shop Hills is where I went to school. My teachers were Bryan Paul and Molly Tingle from Arapahoe, Daniel Caffrie from up north, but his daughter was living at Whortonville from Pamlico County, Bessie Wallace from South

River, and Arlettie Mason from Atlantic. Bessie and Arlettie were the only ones that taught six months straight. I only went to Arlettie a few months. Fanny Paul from Arapahoe taught some at the Shop Hills but I was too young to go to school to her.

After we moved away from Brown's Creek, they moved the schoolhouse to South River in 1921. The first six months of school we had was in 1915-16.

We would always take our lunch with us, usually large rolls, fried ham, or some other part of the pig, fried chicken, boiled eggs and baked sweet potatoes, with some cooked apples or pears and vegetables.

At 10:30 we would have 15 minutes for recess. We would try to start a ball game that we could finish at dinner time. We called it "round town," but it was almost like baseball, except we used a soft ball we had made with spun thread, and we hit the runner to put him out -- or tried to.

When the teacher said, "Children, you may get your dinner ... that was some kind of rush to get out under the large oaks to open our buckets. We had milk and coffee to drink. I still like the same food, but it doesn't seem to taste as good now as it did then. Sometimes Bertha Simpkins would hide the food in someone's bucket, and when they would open their bucket and part of their food was missing, you could hear them hollering for Bertha and calling her all kinds of names that would not sound good in print.

They talk about children getting whipped in school, but I never heard of one being whipped in our school. Sometimes the teacher would keep some of us in at recess for doing something, and if someone did very much wrong, all the teacher would have to do was to let our parents know about it and they would take care of that.

On the way home sometimes when it started to rain, we would pull our skiff up, turn it over and get under it to keep dry until it slackened up. We did not get to school from Brown's Creek much over three days out of the week on account of the weather or something else. One school term they taught three weeks, because smallpox broke out. We had a one-room schoolhouse with 25 or 30 children.

Mr favorite teacher was Molly Tingle. She would teach us not to use tobacco, not to crack nuts with our teeth, and keep them clean. (I still have the most of my home-grown teeth.) We were taught to eat the right kind of good, to stand up straight, wear ark support shoes when we could get them, and we would repeat the Lord's Prayer every morning.

Molly liked Karo syrup the best. She would drink it out of the can, just like I would Eagle Brand milk when I could get it.

Dan Caffrie taught us our multiplication tables with Jack Oak Acorns, and we kept our desks full. Bertha Simpkins would catch Mr. Caffrie not looking and she would roll an acorn across the floor. He would pick it up and put it on Bertha's desk, and

*"My School Days on Harkers Island"**Allen C. Davis**Reprinted from the Carteret County News-Times, Feb. 19, 1960*

I remember my first day in school.

All my playmates were telling me that school was to open "next week." I had to be prepared, as the teachers liked to spank the little boys and it would be a good idea to have a small pillow in the seat of my pants, they said.

I believed this, and couldn't sleep at night, thinking of the punishment the teachers might give me. It was only a few days until Monday, so what could I do? Where could I hide?

I asked my parents but they said not to believe it. I would have a good time.

At last, Monday morning came, I hadn't slept well. I dreamed someone was chasing me with a whip or switch, as we called it. I could hear mother and father talking about what I should have for lunch. Then one of my aunts came in and took me in her arms and told me how much fun I would have.

Of course, I didn't believe her. She dressed me and combed my hair. Didn't I look sharp! I started down the path with my parents and aunt following me. I had my little bright bucket which contained my lunch. They said good-bye at the gate, and I was on my way.

I called next door, about one-quarter mile away, for two of my friends. We walked to school along the shore line. It was not bad walking when the tide was low, but the tide was rising and we had about two miles to go. We called at the homes of others as we passed until we had a good sized crowd.

The tide was up by now, so we had to walk up near the woods and at times we came to small ditches where the tide had flowed up in the wood. Then we had to jump across or walk up around the head. There was a log to walk on. Many times someone would slip in and get their feet wet.

Well, we arrived at the school building and we met other children coming in from the west end of the island. The building is near the center of the island and is about 20 feet wide and 50 feet long.

As you entered on the right, there was a table where there was a bucket of water and a tin dipper for drinking. I don't know where the water came from.

Around both sides of the building was a sloping board fastened to the wall, it was about 12 inches wide. This was to hold our books as we studied. It also served as a desk. We sat with our faces toward to wall.

The teacher was a man, his desk was in the far end of the building. I was very careful to watch for a switch. It was kept on the teacher's desk as a visible warning. We lined up and gave our name and ages to the teacher. He told us the kind of books we would use. Some had their books left from last year.

It wasn't long before it was time for 10 o'clock recess. That was 10 minutes long. It was the shortest 10 I have ever known. We just had time to run around a little when the bell rang. It

was just a very small bell and one of the teachers pets always was given the job of ringing it.

At 3 o'clock we had another 10 minute recess. About 4 or 4:30 the school let out. We all were anxious to get out. There was lots of arguing and some fighting which had to be reported next day.

When I arrived home my mother met me at the gate and asked me how I liked school. I said not so good. But as time passed I liked it better. This school term was in the summer starting about May and up until September. This was the last term in this building as it was too small.

Every Friday we had what was called a "Spelling Bee." Most all of the pupils would line up from end to end of the building, ages 8 to 10. Words were taken from what we called a Blue Back Speller. There was a head and foot of the class. The one at the head was given a word.

If he missed, it was given to the next one and so on down, the line. If he spelled it correctly, he took his place at the head. He held this place until Monday morning. If he misspelled a word, then he was place at the foot and the one next to the head took his place. A word was given to the head of the class and would go all the way down until it was spelled correctly. There were times when a word would go all to the foot. There some little fellow would spell it correctly and go to the head of the class and take the place of a big boy (this was called "cutting 'em down"). That was lots of fun.

I remember one long summer day a recess which was one hour long. Several girls stole away and went wading along the water's edge, leaving their shoes and stockings on the shore. We found them and were going to hide them when we saw the teacher come out with the bell. We threw the shoes and stockings in a tall oak tree. We had to face the charges and climb the tree and get the shoes down and then face the teacher and the other school children.

There were only about 16 families on the island at the time, two stores and one church. Now it is quite different. There are three or four churches. There are many activities in the summer. Sightseeing, sport fishing, swimming and boating.

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*School Days, Continued from page 12.*

not say a word. He was showing her that he knew who was doing it.

Bertha did not have a mother. She had a step-mother, a good one too. But, Bertha stayed with Aunt Sarah Edwards a lot of times. That is where Mr. Caffrie stayed. Uncle Charlie and Sarah Edwards' children were Bertha's cousins. I remember one time Bertha hid Pennie Hamilton's dinner and Pennie, when she would hear Mr. Paul say, "Children, you may get your dinners" she would always open her bucket right then and take out a biscuit and a piece of meat and eat it going outdoors. This time Pennie opened her bucket and looked at Mr. Paul just as solemn and said, "Mr. Paul, I have not got any dinner to get," and Bertha would just keel over a laughing ...



## "Play Ball! After the Game"

Charles Pitts

In the spring issue we noted that Beaufort resident C. L. Abernethy, once publisher of "The Beaufort Herald" and owner of the Inlet Inn, had also participated in the baseball rites of the Town -- specifically the events of 17 May 1894. The *New Bern Courier*, reporting on 18 May, went on to describe the affair as it unfolded at Courthouse Square and Front Street after the six inning game had ended -- score: Beaufort - 4; New Bern - 11. Miss Martha Thomas, who had fainted from the fright of a foul ball coming through the Courthouse window during the second inning, was to miss the post-game fracas; and, since he was not personally cited by our New Bern reporter, we assume that Beaufort's "bantam rooster" team captain also left the scene. C. L. Abernethy did, after all, have a newspaper to publish.

### On the Ground

The sight of so many of New Bern's pretty girls on the field of battle was evidently a source of joy and inspiration to the club. Each young lady fluttered in the salt fresh wind a bunch of light and dark blue ribbon, New Bern's colors, and whenever the players made good points it was from the lips of these true little Mascots that came the most silvery cheer.

### The Fight

Within thirty minutes after the game was over a kind of free fight took place on Front Street, starting at the foot of another street and ending about one-eighth of a mile away.

It appears that some individual squirted tobacco juice in the eye of a small boy. The small boy then fired a brick at the shins of the individual upon which that party made an effort to slap the top of the small boy's head off, in which effort he was nearly successful. The small boy's brother then appeared on the scene and he and the tobacco chewing individual hitched.



Sketch by Dawn Hassell

Of course mutual friends didn't like to see this, so the fighters were interfered with. It wasn't long, however, before the mutual friends were at it with as much spirit as they could summon.

Then the desire to fight spread like a summons to partake of liquid refreshments, and soon the street was filled with a howling mob, some begging others not to fight, some trying to wrest clubs and sticks from the fighters and the rest just plugging right and left.

Mars was in the ascendancy and the middle of the street was a mass of struggling, fighting, clawing men. On the side walk were lined the spectators, as a rule New Bernians.

On a goods box in front of the pugilists stood two little boys waving flags and encouraging MacDuff to "lay on," which Mac didn't fail to do.

In the meantime, though, a colored brass band of five pieces and a bass drum appeared on the scene and rendered after a style peculiarly its own the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Two Little Girls in Blue."

The truth of the saying that "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast" was then demonstrated, for the intensity of the squabble became less and less, and when the blatant notes of "Johnny Git Your Gun" fell on the salt sea breeze, the boys had cooled considerably.

In the examination and investigation which followed it was found that no one had been seriously injured.

The foregoing may sound somewhat fanciful: it is in no way an exaggerated account of the disgraceful proceeding, and probably not quite sufficiently strong.

(On the 19th of May, twelve Beaufort citizens, taking great offense to the "unfair, unjust and ungentlemanly" attack of *The Courier* on Beaufort's team and its citizenry, asked that their names "be stricken from the roll" as subscribers. They no longer desired the "dirty sheet." Printed along side, in *The Courier* of the 22nd, was a letter from members of the New Bern team defending both the Editor and the reporting of the game. C. L. Abernethy got his written licks in also. As the "bantam rooster," he defended his actions on the field as team captain: "the Beaufort nine had entrusted to me the interest of our club." And he supported the indignity of the Beaufort citizens; after all, "somebody had spit in the face of one of the most genteel and well-behaved little fellows in town." *The Courier's* editorial response is too long to repeat here; suffice it to quote but one line: "Ha! Ha! Ha!" Our newspapers are a bit more sedate today -- aren't they?)

Note: Mr. Pitts' *Carteret Fish N' Chips*, from which this story is taken, was given the 1989 Award of Merit by the NC Society of Historians.

## Baseball Get-Together

Our Spring Get-Together, featuring former stars of local baseball teams was a memorable one. Old players and their fans got together again, in some cases after more than thirty years. In spite of their advancing years and receding hairlines, the stories and descriptions were as fresh as if they were still roaming the local diamonds.

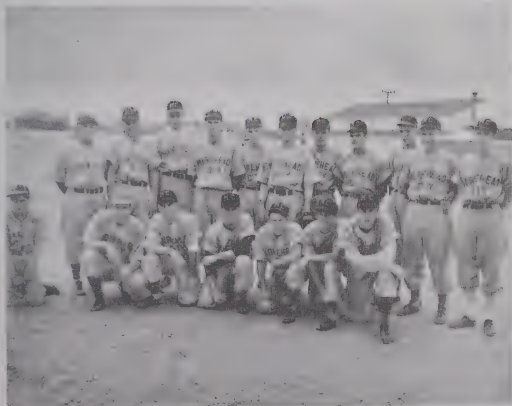
The evening began with our traditional seafood buffet. To relieve the long lines, the meal was served in two shifts. Local musicians, singers, and story-tellers provided casual entertainment for those waiting to be served or already finished. The climax of the evening was a round table discussion featuring many of the area's former players, coaches, and fans.



Front Row: James Webb, David Yeomans, John Hamilton, Jack Gardner, Linwood Hancock, Braxton Taylot, Moe Willis Back Row: Rodney Kemp, Chuck Lewis, Claude Brown, "Sno'ball" Gaskill, Lionel Gilgo

## Morehead Baseball Scrapbook

Brought to The Mailboat by James Webb



1948 Team: (Row 1) EB Willis, mascot, Joe Hill, ---, ---, George Stilwell, "Lefty" Sharpe, Wayne Benton; (Row 2) Coach Tenney, Carl Sadler, Odell Murton, Jack Gardner, Roland Brinson, Story, ---, --- (possibly Morehead Tech students), Harry Salter, James Webb (Photo taken August 1948 by Lewis Photo Service)



1949 Team: (Row 1) EB Willis, Harry Salter, Bradley McIntosh (mascot), Hansel, ---, Bill Holt; (Row 2) Robinson, Lt. Green, Ace Harris, Stoy, Haywood Kelley, Jack Wallace, James Webb (Photo taken September 1949 by Dan W. Wade).

\* We are still looking for pictures of the Beaufort, Newport, Salter Path, Swansboro, Broad Creek, and other area teams. We plan to have another "Baseball Reunion" next spring, so start looking for pictures and making plans to be there. We want EVERY county team represented at the 1992 Spring Get-Together.)



## Letters from the baseball issue ...

Dear Mailboat,

"I lived two houses away from Jack Scott. He was an ace pitcher for the Giants in the 20's. He was the only pitcher who struck out Babe Ruth in a World Series Game. He once was benched and fined \$1,000 by John McGraw (Giant manager) for hitting a home run and winning the ballgame. (He had been told to bunt.) McGraw is supposed to have said that Jack Scott was a pitcher with a "million dollar arm" and a 10-cent brain.

After his retirement from baseball he coached high school baseball pitches in Warrenton, NC where we lived. Jack Scott was retired when I knew him and his only child, Jackie, was my age. Jack Scott sort of "adopted" me as his daughter. He taught Jackie and me the fingering of a baseball to throw a number of pitches. He taught us to ride horseback, to cook frog legs, to recognize snacks (to respect but not fear them) etc. etc. He loved children and was so patient with them.

In the 50's when our son would visit my parents, I'd send him down to "Uncle Jack's" and ask that he be taught about nature and animals as I had been taught.

He was a large, gentle man -- greatly loved by children.

Son, Jackie was killed in WWII. Uncle Jack died in the 60's -- Aunt Hattie (his wife) died in 1989 at age 95.

Reading about the "Get-Together" brought this to mind.

Sam & Elizabeth Arrington  
Atlantic Beach and Raleigh, NC

Dear Mailboat,

Re the "Baseball ... The Way It Used to Be" feature: I'm sending you a couple of pages from my father's autobiography, in case this information might have to do with the "old" Seashore League.

My father, Daniel Sloan Johnson, was born in Burgaw on November 28, 1910, which makes him 90 years old. He lives in Rocky Mount, and is in very poor health.

(I thought it might be of interest.)

Grace Johnson Hale  
Raleigh, NC

### "Recreation as a Boy"

The chief recreational activity that I had as a boy was playing baseball. I never saw a football or basketball game until I entered college, but we grew up on baseball. In our pre-teen and teenage years we had a pretty good team. Usually we traveled by bicycle. Many times I have ridden a bicycle eight to ten miles to get to the scene of a game and that same mileage back home after the game, and we invariably won. One trip that I remember above all of my boyhood games was with the boys' team from Rocky Point. This time we rode the train. We left Burgaw at 9:00 am and reached Rocky point about fifteen minutes later. The return train did not leave Rocky Point until about 7:45. We each had fifteen or twenty cents for lunch. We were in a store in the edge of town buying such things as bread, crackers, cheese, pork 'n beans, sardines and the like, when the doctor of the two -- I think his name was Williams -- came in and said (is essence), "You boys don't have any lunch, do you?" We answered in the

negative. To our great surprise he said, "Come, go home with me and I will feed you." We had a sumptuous meal, including fried chicken, with plenty for all of the boys. He was bound to have planned that surprise in advance, for no housewife would have under normal circumstances prepared enough extra to feed a dozen hungry boys. We never forgot the thoughtful doctor for his kindness to us. We went on to win the game, as usual.

On another occasion our boys' team was playing against a team out between Rocky Point and Lanes Ferry (on the Hampstead Road). P.O. was catching, and I believe I was pitching. During the course of the game I threw a ball about a foot over the batter's head, and the umpire yelled, "Strike!" The batter complained to the umpire that the ball was too high, and the ump replied, "With a bat as long as you have in your hands you could have reached that ball." We were surprised to get that kind of call, especially when we were the visiting team. The umpire's decision held, and we went on to win another game.

I remember one experience very well. We were playing a team from Watha, seven miles north of Burgaw. After winning the game we were headed back home. I was riding a bicycle and was following the gravel path beside the railroad track. The wind was blowing in my face and I had difficulty hearing. I kept looking back for a possible approaching train from time to time, but could spot none. Suddenly I heard a shrill whistle behind and realized that a train was bearing down on me. After a quick glance backward I steered the bicycle into the ditch to my right and rode down to it and up the bank on the other side. I stopped and turned to see the train speeding by. The engineer waved at me and smiled, and I got back on the cinder path and continued my journey. I was fortunate that the ditch I crossed was a comparatively shallow one and that there was a gradual incline on each side of it.

Members of our high school baseball team, "Eastern North Carolina Champions - 1920"

Catcher - O.P. Johnson, Pitcher - Stanley Johnson (coach), 1 Base - D.D. Sparkman, 2 Base - John Thomas Wells, 3 Base - Daniel Johnson, Short Stop - Joel Barden, Outfield - Bernice Bowden, Eugene (Bogue) Johnson, Bernard Scott, Utility - James Johnson

### Baseball Note

*In the Old Burying Ground in Beaufort, behind the Baptist Church, is a tombstone which reads:*

*"Charles B. Noe, son of Levi T. and Mary A. Noe, born May 28, 1896, died July 25, 1921. Killed by ball accident. Gone but not forgotten."*

*The accident happened in a game played on a field behind the Hammock House. Charles Noe was hit over the heart by a pitched ball. He went to first base and literally died there. He is buried in a plot beside his grandfather, Thomas D. Noe (1842-1923) and his grandmother, Frances Ann Mades Noe (1846-1907). Thomas D. Noe was a Confederate Army veteran.*

(Brought to The Mailboat by Maurice Davis)

*"Comet" Sailors**George H. McNeill**Reprinted from The State, September 1940*

To those old visitors to Morehead City to whom the old Atlantic Hotel was an institution, who remember the fleet of large sharpies which used to sail up and down Bogue Sound, to those who remember the old *Sweetheart* and its famous moonlight sails from the Atlantic Hotel Pier -- a strange sight meets their eyes today as they drive along the waterfront, a sight which emphasizes this changing world and its ebb and flow of desires, customs and modes of amusement.

Gone is the Atlantic Hotel; gone too are the *Sweetheart* and others of her class, but in their stead has come an event in the history of Morehead City which is indicative of the spirit of youth -- the "Comet" sailors of the Junior Yacht Club, one of Morehead City's most successful ventures in interesting its summer visitors in the bountiful assets which belong to this section.

The Morehead City Yacht Club, when organized some six years ago, found a grand total of two sailboats on Morehead City's waterfront. By continued effort on the part of its members this number was gradually increased so that by the summer of 1939 approximately twenty or twenty-five men and women were engaged in the sport of sailing with some degree of regularity. These sailors were for the most part, however, men and women of middle age. The 4th of July and Labor Day races, which were sponsored by the Yacht Club, did a great deal to stimulate interest in sailing in Morehead City. In so far as gaining members for the club, however, and getting yachtsmen to join in club activities and participating in club events, the organization had only a modicum of success. One day early last summer, the Commodore G. L. Arthur and Vice Commodore, D. G. Bell, seeing an increased number of sailboats among the younger members of the summer colony, hit upon the idea of organizing a Junior Auxiliary to the Yacht Club. Josiah Bailey, Jr., son of Senator and Mrs. Bailey, and Virginia Pou of Raleigh, who had been taking part in every invitation race of the Yacht Club, were thinking of the same thing at the same time. When these four discussed their respective ideas the Junior Auxiliary was born. A small group of young boat owners was gotten together; they perfected organization plans, elected their officers, established their constitution and by-laws, set up race requirements and rules; set up membership requirements and limitations, and generally perfected for themselves a smooth running club. Josiah Bailey, Jr., was elected the First Commodore and D. G. Bell was elected Senior Advisor.

The second season of the Junior Auxiliary has just come to a close, and what a season it was! Each week the club, numbering thirty-three members, twenty-six of whom own their own boats, held their own series of races. As fourteen of the twenty-six own the fast, sleek beautiful "Comets," naturally this class predominated. What a sight it has been to see this array of beautiful boats under full sail scampering up and down Bogue Sound, at Cape Lookout, at Marshallberg, and as far south as

Swansboro. Overnight sails and afternoon picnics, oyster roasts, fish fries, and barbecues were also the order of the summer season, such events being held at least once a week.

**Grand Prize Winner**

The grand prize for the summer racing event, presented by D. G. Bell, was won by Philip Taylor of Raleigh. This copper plaque was presented for top score earned in all the races held during the season, and was based upon total points earned by the position finished in each race.

During the Coastal Festival members of the Junior Auxiliary really put on a grand performance. Racing three days in howling gales and intermittent showers, which would have daunted less courageous sailors, these youngsters hoisted sails and took off every time the starter's guns sounded. The fact that three turned over, and two broke their masts didn't deter these young captains a bit.

The remarkable success of the Junior Auxiliary can be traced to a revival of the old sport of sailing among the younger folk and the intense interest of youth in such a wholesome type of sport. Its members were, almost without exception, "land-lubbers" from inland cities and towns of North Carolina: Durham, Raleigh, Kinston, Goldsboro, Wilson, and Lumberton predominating. Now through the cooperation of the Senior Club, all of its members are A-1 sailors. Charlie Norton, of Durham, who gained national fame by his trip this summer from Morehead to New York in a "Comet," is an active member of the club.

**New Officers**

Last week the Junior Auxiliary elected its officers for next year, and believe it or not, its new commodore is a girl, Miss Virginia (Sammie) Pou of Raleigh, one of the organizers of the club, and one of the best sailors in the lot. The other officers elected are: Vice Commodore, Philip Taylor, Raleigh; Rear Commodore, Oscar Green, Kinston; Secretary, Celeste Gold, Wilson; Treasurer, Nat Hill, Jr., Kinston.

Next year, according to Commodore Pou, an even greater season is planned. Instead of only fourteen Comets, Virginia would like to see at least thirty. Instead of one grand prize, a series of awards will likely be made, some being based upon improvement in sailing, some upon god sportsmanship in sailing, and some for consistent effort during the sailing season.

As one mother recently said to the writer: "I have no alternative but to come to Morehead City now since my son has joined the Junior Yacht club. He simply will not let me even think of going anywhere else."



Josiah and Sammie



## *Riddle of the Lost Colony*

*Melvin Robinson, 1946*

*An excerpt from Chapter 1*

It is the purpose of the writer to show that John White's so-called Lost Colony was not established on Roanoke Island, as known today, but on another island about 75 miles south; that on White's return to the Carolina Coast three years later in 1590, he did visit Roanoke Island which his colonists had never occupied.

We have so longed upon this Lost Colony as an unsolved mystery that we have come to regard it as impossible of solution. Evidence that would be accepted as sufficient for other history we are wont to questions when given to account for the establishment of White's colony. The reason for such refusal to consider evidence is not so much our love of mystery as it is that we have come to believe that nothing can be brought to light to clear up the mystery.

Amadas and Barlowe with Simon Ferdinando, their Spanish navigator, arrived on the coast of Carolina in July, 1584. In his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, Arthur Barlowe describes an island twenty miles long extending to the west, with an ocean on the north and an ocean on the south. The fact that the land extended to the west shows the he was on the east end of it. If he had been on the east side of the inlet which he entered he would have written that the land extended to the east. Hatteras Inlet was not open at that time according to the DeBry map of Lane's expedition, making Ocracoke an island. That inlet has had open and closed periods. The last time it opened was on September 7th, 1846, according to the records. There is only one island on the North Carolina coast, as a modern map shows, answering Barlowe's description and that is Portsmouth Island, that part of the beach between Ocracoke Inlet and Drum Inlet, the latter being open at that time according to the DeBry map of the Lane expedition. Drum Inlet is shown open in 1709 on the map prepared by John Lawson, surveyor General of North Carolina. It has been closed from time to time and was last opened in September 18, 1933. The "ocean" on the south is the Atlantic and that on the north is Pamlico Sound, North Carolina's inland sea. It was on Portsmouth island that Barlowe planted the flag of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth.

Upon entering the inlet Barlowe anchored on the left side. The place of anchorage at Ocracoke Inlet was always been on the left side. For this reason Portsmouth on the west side of the inlet was an important settlement in the days of sailing vessels. Tanner's map at the latter part of the 18th century shows Portsmouth as a place of consequence. The reader will note that the outer banks in the vicinity of Roanoke Island extend to the south and could not have been the banks referred to by Barlowe. It is unreasonable to suppose that he could have made an error in the direction of the compass. Albemarle Sound, to the north of Roanoke and extending west, is not wide enough to have been called an ocean.

According to Hawks, the historian, the river "Occam," which Barlowe subsequently goes into in his boats from the place of anchorage, is the sheet of water known as Roanoke Sound, between Roanoke Island and the beach. For the instant let us for-

get that Amadas and Barlowe entered Ocracoke Inlet, and be ignorant as to where he enter, in order to give Roanoke Sound a trial as the true designation of the river "Occam." In the first place, it would have been a stretch of the imagination to visualize a river from this body of water. Barlowe writes, "into this river (Occam) falleth another great river called 'Cipo'; likewise there descendeth into this Occam another river called 'Nomapana'." Currituck Sound is the suggested "Cipo" which can hardly be reconciled as flowing into Roanoke Sound. One of the rivers emptying into Albemarle Sound is suggested as the river "cipo," but of course does not flow near Roanoke Sound. Taking advantage of the suggested ignorance of Barlowe, although he said he went 20 miles up the river "Occam" which is 8 miles longer than Roanoke Sound, the Chowan River is suggested as the river "Nomapana" descending into the "Occam." It will be still more difficult for the reader to reconcile the description because the Chowan River is many miles from Roanoke Island. The explanation given by the early historian does not at all fit the description made by Barlowe.

Assuming again that Roanoke Sound is the "Great River Occam," the attention of the reader is directed to the map of Indian Localities of 1584. This map shows that Roanoke Island was virtually a peninsular from the beach. We would not rely on that part of the map with confidence were it not substantially supported by the knowledge handed down by the ancestors of the people of Dare County. One man points out that the information handed down by his forebears for 120 years that the waterway in the narrow part of Roanoke Sound was about 100 yards wide and safely assumes that it could not have been more than a ditch 350 years ago. Hence, it could not with any degree of understanding have passed for the river in question in Barlowe's account. The map referred to above, shows, the Indian town "Pomeiock" on Neuse River. According to Barlowe's narrative it was on the river "Occam" and "Secotan" adjoined it. We cannot place the two localities on Roanoke Sound even though such could pass for the river, since that would be placing them on the Island when they were far from it to the Southwest. According to Hawks, the historian, Roanoke Sound is the only body of water in that territory that can possibly be considered as the river "Occam." However, as the land lies today, this is impossible of acceptance. Relying on the mathematical axiom that a body cannot occupy two spaces at the same time, the two Indian towns mentioned above could not have been on that body of water without being on the Island, and they could not have been on the Island and be away from it to the Southwest at the same time. Yet, Roanoke was on the river "Occam." This fact alone would eliminate Roanoke Island as the birthplace of Virginia Dare.

*(To be continued in the fall edition of The Mailboat. For those interested in reading the complete work of Melvin Robinson, the Carteret County Library holds a copy of The Riddle of the Lost Colony in the Locked Case. Other NC Collections throughout the state should include a copy of this research as well.)*

## "The Intruders"

*Jean Day*

### *An excerpt from Cedar Island, Past and Present (Vol. I)*

It would be easy if we could go to the library or the archives in Raleigh and find written records proving who was the first white man to discover and to step foot on that sandy shore at Cedar island. Most of the records we find are incomplete, leaving much to the discretion and imagination of the reader, therefore, different people interpret these records to suit their own purposes. My research tends to show that Giovanni da Verrazano led the first expedition to Cedar island in 1524, followed by Sir Walter Raleigh's five expeditions from 1585-1590. Most historians agree with Samuel A. Ashe in his History of N. C. Vol. 1 that the site of Verrazano's landing and of Raleigh's expeditions (including the so-called Lost colony) were the same place. The problem is trying to decide where this place was.

Roanoke Island has been exploited as the location of the lost colony. Many students of history, myself included, when comparing the records and letters written by G. Verrazano, A. Barlowe, R. Lane, and J. White agree that Roanoke island in no way geographically fits the written accounts of these men, while Cedar Island fits all accounts snug as a glove ...

Verrazano was searching for a water route through America to Asia. He followed the outer banks from what is now Wilmington "towards the east." Here it seems logical that he entered the first available inlet, which was probably Drum Inlet, and anchored off the land which would have been Cedar Island. His story is best told in his report recorded by the North Carolina State Department of Archives. The ship anchored in deep water and 20 men went to shore in small boats. The natives fled into the woods except for a young woman and an older woman. They were carrying young children and tried to hide in the tall grass, but the white men found them. They offered them food, then grabbed a child to take captive back to France with them.

The report written about this newly discovered land was very exaggerated yet recognizable in its praise of the fruit and flowers. No further mention is made of the child they stole. Verrazano stated: "Having made our abode three days in this country and riding on the coast for want of harbor, we concluded to depart from thence, treading along the shore between north and east, sailing only in the daytime, and riding anchor by night." So they followed up the outside of the outer banks, which lay to the north and west at this point, so they could not have been on Roanoke Island.

France made no further attempt to claim this land.

In 1558, a ship containing white men was shipwrecked on the outer banks at about Wocokon, where Indians befriended the white men before sending them on their way. It is assumed that this ship was a Spanish vessel.

According to David Stick's **Outer Banks of North Carolina**, in July 1584 "two English barks approached the outer banks, probably in the vicinity of Core Banks, then started beating up the coast in search of a navigable inlet. These were the vessels under the command of Captains Phillip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh to explore the American coast and locate a suitable site for an English settlement" ...

Barlowe states that natives came out to meet them, presented them with freshly caught fish, and traded with them for several days. Then, "The evening following we came to an island ... distant from the harbor by which we entered seven leagues; and at the north end thereof was a village of nine houses build of cedar." Cedar Island had many large red cedar trees which later gave the island its name.

Rev. Clifton Styron of Davis, who is very familiar with the waters around Cedar Island, believes that this describes the area west of the Ferry Terminal at the northern end of Cedar Island, where people once lived, and two Harris cemeteries are located. According to both Styron and Robinson, Cedar island is seven leagues from Ocracoke Inlet ...

Barlowe's description of the location of nearby Indian villages fits completely with the lay of the land and the water, if we accept the fact that Cedar Island was the original Roanoke ...

Captains Amadas and Barlowe left to go back to England, taking with them two Indians, Wanchese and Manteo. The captains reported to Sir Walter Raleigh, and plans were made for another more comprehensive trip to the new world.

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### *Mailboat,*

*I was very much interested in your last issue of Mailboat regarding the so-called "Lost Colony." My father was Wm. Harvey Styron, born at Davis, and taught school all over "Down East." When he taught at Atlantic, he had among his pupils Melvin Robinson. When I heard of the book, I wrote to him and ordered some. I told him about Daddy, and he remembered him. He also taught in the N. C. Public School System. But, after the publication of this book, it appears he was prevented from teaching anymore. I suspect politics - Manteo and Dare County probably didn't want to lose the tourist trade.*

*He made some notations in my book. "Roanoke" was the Indian word for a particular string of beads and on page 14, 1st full paragraph, he says that herein is proof that the colony was on Core Sound. My mother's grandmother was Emaline Robinson from Cedar Island. When the family took her from Portsmouth to Cedar Island to visit, Mother remembers blue-eyed Indians. As a small child, she was a bit afraid of them.*

*All my adult life, I have found this story interesting. If one looks at a map of the North Carolina coastline of the 1500's, it is very obvious that the activity had to be south of Cape Hatteras.*

*Sincerely,  
Rosalie Styron Dondoro*



## *Another possibility ...*

*From The Beaufort News, May 11, 1939*

*Some People Believe It was Harkers Not Roanoke Island Where "Lost Colony" Was Lost*

*Ancient Wood Pipe Line May Be New Evidence of Proof*

The discovery of an ancient wooden pipeline unearthed in the neighborhood of Core Sound recently is believed by many to be proof that Sir Walter's Raleigh's famous "Lost Colony" was lost on or in the vicinity of Harkers Island. There are many persons, especially persons who live in Carteret County who believe that what is today Harkers Island was the island on which the first English settlers, settled, to be lost before relief ships came back to America a few years later.

And, apparently, there are people who live outside of Carteret who believe, like many of the citizens of this county, that credit for the landing of the first English settlers belongs to Harkers and not Roanoke Island. A letter appearing in the May 6th edition of *State* magazine from R. D. Harris, of Roanoke Rapids, is republished herewith for the angles it presents on a reality -- which might be after all an unsolved mystery. The letter follows:

### *Ancient Pipe Line*

**ROANOKE RAPIDS** - In this issue of *State* there appears a letter which describes an ancient wooden pipe line which has been unearthed in the neighborhood of Core Sound. I offer the suggestion that this may very well be supporting evidence for the claim which is made and believed by the inhabitant of Harkers Island, which is also in Core Sound, to the effect that theirs is the true site of the original colony of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the site, likewise, of the original fort.

Other evidence in support of this idea many be found by referring to a map of the carolina coast. White's diary, I believe, states that the first ship entered a harbor and dropped anchor, then sent a landing party one-half day's row to the eastward, where they land to an island. It is interesting to note that Beaufort Inlet and Harkers Island are the only geographical points on our coast which satisfy these requirements. The first relief vessel, which found nothing, presumably entered Oregon Inlet and simply searched, without remembering the compass course as set by White. This is reasonable as many of our inlets are so similar in appearance (if stripped of evidence of civilization) that one can readily imagine this confusion.

Furthermore, by locating the original colony on Harkers Island the theory that the colony moved on to Robeson County and vicinity does not appear so far fetched from the transportation angle. And I give you one further peculiar coincidence: 25 miles from Beaufort Inlet is a small settlement -- you've guessed -- Croatoan,

Research amateurs or scholars are referred, for elaborations of the above theory, to Maurice O'Neil of Henderson and Harkers Island, and to Brady Willis of Harkers Island. Each has a vast store of local legend at his disposal, and will prove more than cooperative to anyone who wishes to make a serious study of the problems involved.

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*Raleigh's Lost Colony*

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S. L. Ashe

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## Hurricane Season

### "Tourists Leave in Hurry - Veterans to Ride Out Storm"

Reprinted from North Carolina newspapers of the 1970's, exact paper unknown but each were Associated Press releases. These clippings were brought to **The Mailboat** by Bertie Feinstein of Newton, NC. Her father, Rev. Y. D. Poole served as a Methodist preacher on Harkers Island in the 1920's.

**OCRACOE, N.C. (AP)** — With the stoicism of a fourth-generation islander, general store proprietor Jack Willis planned not to budge as Hurricane Belle approached. He said, "You watch TV ... until the power goes off, then you can't watch TV and you read yesterday's newspaper."

And, promised the postmaster at Rodanthe, N.C., Virginia O'Neal, early Monday, "The mail will go through if there is any possible way."

On North Carolina's island chain known as the Outer Banks, residents like Willis and Mrs. O'Neal proclaimed they would stay through any of Belle's peril, but campers and tourists in the wild string of hulking sand dunes and tiny villages departed in droves.

Monitoring radio reports and checking at service stations, they were told Sunday afternoon Belle might strike with its 110-mile-per-hour winds here or just to the north across the sound at Cape Hatteras. Authorities stopped the southbound ferry toward the mainland from Ocracoke but kept the ferry to Hatteras going during the night.

The convoys trudged north. At checkpoints, the highway patrol discouraged anyone from going south along North Carolina 12, which terminates here.

"It's been packed here all afternoon and tonight," said Lou Hoppe, 28, who was pumping gas at a service station at Kitty Hawk at the northern end of the Outer Banks.

"We've already run out of premium. It's unbelievable. We've had at least 3,000 customers," he said.

As the vacationers headed for high ground, motel owners counted the lost revenue. "It's already cost me at least \$8,000," moaned Betty Oakes in Atlantic Beach on the Bogue Banks to the south of the Outer Banks. She said 90 per cent of her guests drifted.

If they couldn't scare the residents into evacuating, hurricanes have done strange things to the Outer Banks, like reshaping them. In 1846, Hatteras and Oregon Inlets were created.

Willis said, "Very few people that live on Ocracoke will leave here, if any. No one ever has, not to my knowledge. They've always stayed here. Nobody's ever been drowned or hurt in a hurricane yet."

As Willis talked, rain drizzled.

Another of Ocracoke's approximately 500 residents, U. L. Womac, the volunteer fire department chief, "We appreciate

the non-resident leaving because we have enough to put up with without having to worry about them."

Womac, 54, said he, his wife, who is an island native, and three daughters would stay. "It takes quite a bit to move most people around here."

Womac, a National Part Service employee, said the federal camp on Ocracoke closed down Sunday afternoon and the approximately 120 campers "cleared out."

At Elizabeth City inland toward the Virginia border, motels were filled by 4 p.m. At Kitty Hawk, an elementary school housed 500 persons overnight, apparently all tourists.

At Nags Head on the Outer Banks, Ramada Inn manager Bill Jones told guests to leave Sunday morning and they did. By early Monday morning, the motel was one-fourth full, owing to travelers from Cape Hatteras checking in. Jones let them stay free.

Joe Thompson, 46, of Frederic, Md., who stopped at Kitty Hawk for gas, said, "There was a general feeling of anxiety when we left Hatteras this afternoon. They were evacuating the place." Thompson then pulled his car in the long line of traffic.

Two outsiders who stayed, Gary and Brenda Robey of Arendtsville, Pa., merely moved their campsite from the beach to the other side of the sand dunes. "I'm not particularly worried about the storm. We drove for 10 hours to get here," said Gary, 34. "Besides, being in a hurricane could be exciting."

His wife said, "If it gets too bad, we'll leave."

It was bad in 1954 when Hurricane Hazel killed 19 persons and caused \$125 million in damages.

### "Inlets Formed By Hurricane in 1846 - Recent Storms Reshape Islands"

**CAPE HATTERAS, N.C. (AP)** -- Hurricanes have whipped North Carolina's Outer Banks for centuries, reshaping the sandy chain of islands in the process.

It was a severe hurricane on Sept. 7-8, 1846 that hit the banks and swept outward from Pamlico Sound. The storm took much land with it, forming Oregon Inlet and Hatteras Inlet, which now isolated the islands according to descendants of old families on the banks.

Oregon is now spanned by a bridge and Hatteras Inlet, which isolates Ocracoke Island, and is crossed daily by ferry.

Bill Thompson said hurricanes have hit the Outer Banks because it's just sticking out waiting to be hit when a hurricane rolls up the coast.

In more recent times, one of the worst hurricanes to hit the banks was Hazel, which hit in October, 1954, said Thompson of the state civil preparedness office. She killed 19 persons and caused damage estimated at \$125 million, he said.



## "Memories of Morehead"

### To the Editor of the Mailboat,

My cousin, Rebecca Ball Rust forwarded your fall 1990 issue. Reading the contents brought back profuse memories of my eighteen or so pre-War summers I enjoyed with Becky and other cousins at our grandfather's Morehead cottage.

There were four cottages in a row on Bogue Sound belonging to the Ball family of Raleigh. The location was one lot beyond the point that Shackleford Avenue converges with the sound in Morehead. The above, with the longest private pier in Morehead at the time. Becky characterizes as a "Ball Compound."

My grandfather, Jesse Griffin Ball, Sr., constructed the main cottage circa 1921 next to a previously purchased house. The older house was a former Catholic orphanage. Then his sister, Mary built a cottage one lot away. About 1940, Becky's father, Uncle Dick built another cottage on the adjoining property.

Grandfather sired a dozen children. You can imagine the aunts, uncles, cousins, in-laws, etc. that filled the shore line in the summer. The school term was eight months in the Depression. Grandmother oversaw the throng with an even, gentle hand. I do not recall any disputes or an unhappy event. It was Camelot!

Below are some of my pre-War recollections and memories from a kind, gentle era in the late twenties until my entry into the Service in 1943. As I reflect, that period may have been this nation's last age of innocence.

- The Busy Bee Coffee Shop in Morehead
- The sport fishing boats - My favorite was the "Jean"
- Uncle Philip was a land surveyor and later county surveyor.

He would pay me ten cents a day to carry water, look for lost axes, and on occasion let me hold the rod for the final sight of the day. On a Saturday afternoon in the mid-thirties I was the only 10-year old on Beaufort's Front Street with 50 cents in his pocket. (Many friends.)

- Hearing my father and uncles ordering a 14-foot skiff, constructed. Price: One dollar per foot.
- The draw bridge to the Beach would be opened by two men pushing a large tee-bar
- Returning one late May to find the Atlantic Beach Hotel flattered by flame\*- Going to Salter Path with Uncle Philip via boat. The purpose was to discuss some matters concerning a WPA-funded one-land road from Atlantic Beach toward Salter Path
- Sleeping on the beach on Shackleford Banks and watching the wild ponies
- Grandmothers, aunts, and uncles telling us younger cousins ghost stories on the sound view porch after dark
- Croquet, giant step, blind man's bluff on the grass
- Having a fish hook removed from my finger
- Crabbing; flounder-gigging with light from a driftwood fire burning in a wire basket; cantilevered off the bow
- Swimming from Bogue Park pier, a WPA project
- The rail cars of scrap metal being loaded for export to Japan. The steel was hurled back at us 10 years later.
- Returning in June of 1934 and finding grandfather's pier half blown away by the hurricane
- The low-slow chug-chug audio of the one cylinder fishing skiff engines drifting across the water
- The boat whistle blasts for the drawbridge to open. The initial toot was always just in front of the cottage, abreast of a small island we called "Hick Lump," which rose and sank with the tides
- Hand cranked ice cream on Sunday; The first GE refrigerator

- Returning in May of 1942 to see the sand-bagged foxholes dug in the yard of the cottages; walking the beach covered with tar, oil residue, and flotsam. (That May I also heard the following: A Morehead native had been lost at sea as a member of a ship's crew torpedoed by the Germans off Cape Lookout. The locker door from the ship with his name and number floated up upon the beach of his father's home.)

- Fishing on South River from the sneak boat
- The News & Observer arriving by mail each day
- Mr. Bailey (I was unaware he was a U. S. Senator) making arrangements to rent the cottage from my grandmother; both gentlemen in white linen suits as it was Sunday. They were neighbors on Blount Street in Raleigh. I never heard either address the other by their first names. It was always, "Mr. Bailey: or "Mr. Ball." Five years later I was a page in the U. S. Senate wearing knickers with long black socks.

- The blinking lights of the channel markers
- Father and uncles tinkering and swearing at the temperamental two-cycle Johnson outboards that would not start
- Lastly, returning to Morehead in the fall of 1987 ... I walked into the Sanitary Restaurant and would you believe, after 40 years, Mr. Tunnel greeted my by name?

In the past several years my family has traced its genealogy. We find that we descend from James Ball, Land patent of 1740 on the White Oak River. His will was probated in 1749 at the Beaufort Courthouse. I have held the original in my hands at the Raleigh Archives.

Best regards,  
Jesse Griffin Ball, III  
West Hills, CA

### Hurricanes, Continued from page 21.

In August 1955, Connie and Diane rammed the state within five days of each other. The next month Ione struck and between the three, damage was estimated at \$193 million.

Ed Book, editor of the nearby New Bern Sun-Journal, said local residents regard Ione as the worst ever. A total of 48.90 inches of rain fell during the 41 day period of the three hurricanes, and Book said records show about one-third of that amount fell during the 30 hours of Hurricane Ione.

Seven hurricanes attacked the state or brushed the Outer Banks since Alma nicked Cape Hatteras in August 1962. Those coming inland were mild or small, causing limited damage.

The last time North Carolina was hit by a hurricane was Abby in June of 1968. Abby rolled into the state at Charlotte and swept over dense population areas in the Piedmont, passing over Durham and Raleigh before heading back to sea at Wilmington. It circled in the Atlantic and came back for a second wallop, this time hitting at Morehead City. Then it turned north and exited at Kitty Hawk.

In 1960 Donna struck from the Atlantic, but much of its force had been spent while crossing Florida. Six lives were lost in North Carolina in that storm.

In October 1975 Hurricane Gladys threatened to hit the state but veered abruptly to the northeast. "We haven't had one now in quite a while. It looks like they might run in spurts," Thompson said. "We haven't had a real bad hurricane in a good many years."

## *Uncle Martin Ross' Hammock*

*Cap'in Jim*

### "The Naming and Misnaming of Place Names on Bogue Banks and in Bogue Sound"

Over the past 134 years, the naming of the places on Bogue Banks and in Bogue Sound on the charts and maps of the U. S. Government by cartographers and even on some locally made maps by local historians has been mimmicked the worst of anything reproduced in black and white about the history of the Banks. May I take this chance to set the record straight on some of these names?

#### 1. Hooppole Creek and the Drum Shoals

On March 21, 1808 Daniel Willis (my great, great, great, great, great uncle) Jeconias Pigott, Owen Stanton, Elijah Pigott, and Joseph Robertson met upon the lands of Isaac White and William Borden on Bogue Banks at a place known by the name of Hooppole Point and divided and allotted the same between William Borden and Isaac White (1). From the description given by these men, I can lay off on a modern map the division of these lands, even though it was made 183 years ago, provided I place Hooppole Creek in the place where my father and the other local people told me it was. But if I use the location of Hooppole Creek on the NOAA chart for this area or the location of the sign on Highway 58 in Atlantic Beach which says "Hoophole Creek" [sic], the description of the division made by these men from so many years ago makes no sense at all.

In the 1850's a group from the Coast Survey Office of the U. S., under the supervision of A. D. Bache, came to Carteret County and made a survey of Beaufort Harbor and its environs, publishing a map made from this survey in 1857 (2). On this map Bache got the location of Hooppole Creek (which he called "Hoop-pole Creek") wrong. He place it out between the marshes of Bogue Sound in a place known locally as "The Thoroughfare" (no, not the "Thrufur" at Cedar Island), instead of at its correct place in the woods to the south and southeast of Hooppole Point. He also moved the "Drum Shoals" four miles to the eastward at the same time (I reckon he must have moved both the Little Drum and the Big Drum, since he called them "shoals" instead of "shoal") and placed them to the north of where he had placed Hooppole Creek, at the extreme northeast edge of "Blinds Island Shoal."

Then five years later during the Civil War, General John G. Parke landed his forces in the Thoroughfare area at a place we call "Burnside's Hole," after his commanding officer, General Ambrose E. Burnside. Since General Parke had only the Bache chart of the area, all of his records refer to the "Hoop Pole Creek" of the Bache chart, which of course was wrong; it should have been "the Thoroughfare."

A. D. Bache turned out to be the "Father" of the U. S. Coast Survey, now the Ocean Survey of NOAA, and so of

course he could have done no wrong. In Washington, it is we who are wrong, not the venerated Father of the Coast Survey. So, I propose that we recommend that they change the names on all future NOAA charts of this area from "Hoop Pole Creek" to the "A. D. Bache Thoroughfare" in memory of the illustrious father of the Coast Survey, and from "Drum Shoal" to the "Bollles-Wadsworth-Whiting-Maffitt-Rodgers Shoals" in memory of Bache's assistants. Then although we won't have the two local names on any charts of the area, at least they won't be on the charts in the wrong place. Then, those of us who know where they are can write the names in by hand. This is called side-stepping the bureaucracy.

- (1) Deed Book P, page 181, Carteret County Register of Deeds.
- (2) Beaufort Harbor, North Carolina, From a Trigonometrical Survey, Under the Direction of A. D. Bache, Superintendent of the Survey of the Coast of the United States. Published in 1857.

### *Book Review*

#### **The Atlantic Hotel**, Virginia Pou Doughton, 1991

The impressive pastel blue linen cover with its polished paper text is most fitting for Mrs. Doughton's recently published chronicle of the original "Atlantic Hotel" of Carteret County; this is first quality material.

Careful research, professional editing, and skillfully reproduced illustrations and photographs provide the essential elements for this history of Beaufort's popular resort hotel. While the central subject of the study remains true to its title, the information contained in these pages across many facets of all of Carteret County's history.

The historical background for the hotel begins in 1524 with Verrazzano's visit to the Carolina coast. The early history of this specific area follows, allowing the unfamiliar reader the opportunity to better understand the area and how the hotel played into local history and commerce. Beaufort's hotel also played a significant role in state politics offering the Governor and other state officials a summer retreat.

Events described range from the "Grand Dress Ball in the Beaufort hotel" to "whale kills at Shackleford Banks." If a fault can be found in this collection of research it is in that the fact that the reader wishes there was MORE! More stories, more details, more pictures, clippings and sketches. This is truly one of Carteret County's most thoroughly-researched and well-written accounts.

This limited printing of **The Atlantic Hotel** should find its way immediately to the shelves of all Carteret County and North Carolina history collectors. We wait patiently for Mrs. Doughton's next project, the true story of Morehead's Atlantic Hotel. KWA



## "My Little Island"

*"Jimmie Guthrie to be Reporter: Sage of Harkers Island will report happenings there"*

Clippings from **The Beaufort News**, collected and edited for **The Mailboat** by Carrie Ann Guthrie Styron, granddaughter of Jimmie Guthrie.

January 18, 1945, Front page:

Yes, there is a Jimmy Guthrie. The name of course is as familiar to the more than 2,000 subscribers of **The Beaufort News** as that of Walt Whitman. Times beyond count it has appeared at the end of letters to the editor, letters from Harkers Island that breathe that love of the infinite which only those who watch the sun hop over the Banks and paint the waters of Back Sound can know.

But, back of the name -- what?

Well, back of the name is Jimmie Guthrie. And if you don't believe it, beg a gasoline coupon from the ration board and travel the rough, long way around to Harkers Island, a paradise which could have been but a few miles from Beaufort except for the wheels of personal progress.

You'll find Jimmie Guthrie there. And, if you make your trip on a Sunday you'll probably find Jimmie at home with a half of Harkers Island in his living room. For Jimmie Guthrie is a sort of Plato, and without official title, without rank of any sort, he is the Island's arbiter, its wise man and its sage. Young and old gather in his spacious, white house of a Sunday to discuss all of this and that with Jimmie peppering the stew of genial conversation with sixty years of wisdom.

Readers of **The Beaufort News** are soon to know more of Jimmie for Jimmie has agreed to be Harkers Island correspondent for **The Beaufort News**. He'll be writing objectively of course, about doings and happenings on Harkers Island, but here and there among the adjectives and adverbs, among the nouns and verbs, the personality of Jimmie is bound to show through a little, and all of us, no matter where we live, will have a taste of those informal Sunday afternoon meetings in his living room.

To begin with, he is more than six feet tall and his rubber boots are big enough to hold two of the size male feet that one ordinarily sees.

He passes most of his days "mossing," gathering and drying seaweed for the infant American agar plant, Van Sant's, which is showing Japan that America can produce better and more agar than any other country in the world. And who helps him? Why, Mrs. Guthrie, and she wasn't born yesterday.

And Jimmie and Mrs. Guthrie together know what its like to be parents. Besides some married daughters and some grandchildren, the couple have two boys at sea and though the sea to them is as terra firma to others, still and all their anxious thoughts are always with those boys.

Jimmie, Jr., is a second engineer attached to the U. S. Coast Guard Geodetic Survey. More than twelve years now he has been traveling the Atlantic, 200 miles off shore, from Mobile to Portland, Maine, helping to chart the bottom of the sea.

Ikke Guthrie, just turned nineteen was sunk recently off Norway. That is to say his LST was sunk but Ikke, with twenty-seven others of the crew managed to stay afloat in the cold channel waters more than four hours until a destroyer picked him and the others up. More than 100 others perished. Ikke is somewhere off the Philippines today. In his last letter home he wrote: "I miss you all but there is a bigger job here to be done than you folks at home can possibly know about."

Jimmie himself and Mrs. Guthrie know something of the fuss the sea can kick up. The used to live on the banks near Cape Lookout Light. That was before 1900 when Harkers island had fewer than half a dozen families on it.

Just before the turn of the century the sea kicked up such a fuss an nearly drowned everyone living on the banks that those, including Jimmie and his family, moved away and took up residence on Harkers Island in the sound.

Harkers Island now has more than 1,200 residents. And it might be interesting to residents of Beaufort to know that those 1,200 Harkers Islanders do more than sixty percent of their shopping in Beaufort. The catalogues get some of the business and their own tidy stores get the rest, but the lion's share comes to Beaufort -- all the rough, tough seventeen miles. The mailboat still remains the easiest and pleasantest means of travel and it docks right at Front Street.

In passing, Jimmie mentioned last Sunday that the electric lights on the Island have been out since January 8. Some sort of cable trouble he thought. Jimmie himself will have more to say on the subject in subsequent issues of **The Beaufort News**.

(To be continued in future issues of **The Mailboat**.)

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Summer Places, Continued from page 1.

Gardens are not nearly as important as they used to be and canning is done just for the "fun of it." The camps to the Banks are gone and children seem to be more interested in pools with diving boards than docks and creeks. Air-conditioning has replaced open windows and southwest breezes. Times have changed.

Still, for many the memories of these summers live on. Not quite in the same way as before, but in brief moments ... like picking figs with special neighbors, watching channel-net lights across North River, feeling the sand of the Banks underfoot, and being a part in a small revival of salskiff lovers ... It's not all gone, yet.

So now as the summer closes and the mullets begin to run its time to look back and remember those summer places of another time. "Summer" ... whatever it means to you ... may it always be a time of enjoying simple pleasures in a place that you love to be.

## Atlantic Beach Hotel, Continued from Page 3.

combination kitchen and dining room, and the tremendous kitchen on the north side. The kitchen was huge, so large in fact that it always seemed to swallow me up whenever I walked through it. It had a door on the north which opened to the street and one on the south which opened into the little serving room. In the far northeast corner of the kitchen was a tremendous walk-in icebox, which we didn't use, but which served as a giant cooler in the summertime. This icebox was later made into a refrigerator by the addition of a cooling unit on the outside of the building.

In the center of this big H was the hotel lobby. It had a series of french doors on the south side facing the ocean which led outside to a large covered porch. Between this porch and the main boardwalk was a deck about 30 ft square which connected with the boardwalk by about 4 steps. On either side of this deck, steps connected the porch with sandy playing areas on either side of the deck. On its back side the lobby had two entrances from the street, one on the northeast and one on the northwest, with the main desk situated between the two doors. At either end of the lobby, halls led to the dining room on the east and to the sun room, manager's quarters, and bedrooms on the west. At the extreme end of the west hall, a door opened to the outside. This was the bather's door, through which all persons wearing wet bathing suits or covered with sand were supposed to enter, so as to not tract water and sand into the lobby. A flight of stairs from the east and west sides of the second floor reached down to the first floor lobby on its extreme north side on the outer sides of the doorways to the street. It was this lobby that served as the very first defacto post office of Atlantic Beach until the official post office was established in another building in 1936. The lobby also served as the very first meeting place for the officials of the new Town of Atlantic Beach when on May 1, 1937 the new town council held its very first meeting in the hotel and formally perfected the organization of the government of the fledgling town.

In the west portion of the top prong of the H was a room which I always viewed with awe. It was the sun room. This room was a twin to the dining room, in that it occupied the same relative position as did the dining room, but in the west wing instead of the east wing. It was completed filled with light even on the most gloomy days from the windows on three sides of the room. But the thing which fascinated me most about the sun room was its odor. The room had two entrances from the hall behind. From them two aisles ran into the center of the room. The rest of the floor was completely covered by a carpet decorated with the wonderful colored patterns of that era. But, most important of all, the whole floor was covered with moth balls, hundreds of them. Everywhere you looked there were moth balls, and their odor permeated every nook and cranny of this marvelous room. Of course, I learned later that the moth balls were removed during the summer months, and put back in the room only during the closed season to protect the carpet, but to a four year old child, the moth balls were what made the room so special, and I never shall forget them. The sun room

did not stick out as far toward the ocean as did the dining room, and had a little screened-in porch in front, which did stick out even with the dining room, so as to give the front of the hotel a smooth line. The rest of the west wing on the northwest side was similar to the second floor.

On the southwest side of the lobby, between it and the west wing on the ocean side was a suite of bedrooms with a connecting bath which were used by the hotel manager during the summer. In the winter these were our bedrooms. I slept in the west room and my parents in the east room. We heated the rooms in the winter with a kerosene stove much like the present "Kerosun" heaters. We also cooked on one of these in our little kitchen, using the heat it gave off to warm by. The rest of the hotel was unheated in the wintertime, and had no running water, since Daddy cut off the Beach water system when bad weather came, to keep the exposed water pipes from freezing. When the water no longer ran, we got our supply from a shallow well and a hand pump which was in our little kitchen. We were some kind of glad when it got warm enough in the springtime for Daddy to cut the water back on.

I have many memories of the old Hotel. It was here that I had my bouts with appendicitis and pneumonia. It was here in the big kitchen that all the meat was prepared from the first hog killing my family ever had. It was here in this hotel that we were eating supper in 1939 when the iron ship "come ashore." In the fall of 1939 I can remember going with my Daddy and his cousin, Llewellyn Phillips, over "Llewellyn's Road" to Mrs. Alice Hoffman's place way up the Banks to see about buying cedar posts from her to go under the hotel. I can remember Daddy and the men getting and preparing the posts and putting them under the hotel. They took all of the bark off of them first, and I never knew why. I can remember when they built the new boardwalk in front of the hotel in the spring of 1940 and how they ran the boards across the length of the boardwalk rather than with the length as before. Clyde Murdoch of Wildwood was one of the carpenters. I can remember so many things about it, but not its guests, because I was never there when the guests were. But, I know one thing, they were not the old clientele of the Atlantic Hotel in Morehead City, which burned in 1933, for after the Atlantic burned its old patrons joined in the "cottage building spree," which was in full swing in the thirties, and built cottages on either the sound in Morehead or the ocean in Atlantic Beach for themselves and their friends.

The Atlantic Beach Hotel guests did not have the same activities available to them as did the guests of the Atlantic Hotel in Morehead. There were no moonlight sails, because there were no boats and docks. There was no meeting of the train and the new arrivals, since there was no train. There were no trips to the beach, because they were already at the beach. There were no grand balls, since there was no grand ballroom. We had the Casino, which was a fine dance hall with great bands, but it was not the same as the Atlantic Hotel. Our hotel struck me as the kind of place where you would come to rest rather than to socialize or to play as at the Atlantic in Morehead.



Early in 1940 the Atlantic Beach and Bridge Co. sold the Hotel to Jimmy Derrickson, of Morehead City, and his brother, Vernon. (It was actually sold to the "V and W Hotel Corporation." It was not "V and J" because Jimmy's name was really Walter Lemuel, and he was just called Jimmy, I never knew why.) So, since Daddy kept on working for the same company, we moved out in 1940 for the last time. On September 30 of that year, we moved to the little beach real estate office next door to the hotel. Here we followed the same moving ritual as when we were in the hotel until the beach was sold to Hazel Gerrard Mayer in 1943. From then on we stayed at the beach year round.

The Derricksons continued the practice of having a caretaker for the first two years, with some very colorful characters holding down the job. The first winter the caretaker was a frenchman who had been driven out of France by World War II. Nobody could pronounce his name. But, when he bought paint for painting the hotel, the only brand he would buy was "Duco." So everybody on the beach called him "Duco," and that's the only name I remember.

The following winter they had a new caretaker who was the patriarch of the Whealton clan in this area, a jolly old gentleman everybody called "Grandpap." I remember he had a long white beard like Santa Claus and a pony and cart in which he would ride me all around the beach. His wife moved over to the hotel with him, and she made us a quilt that winter, which we still have. They were a fun couple, and I miss them.

The next winter the hotel did not have a resident caretaker, but Shepard "Shep" Willis from Crab Point became the non-resident caretaker and general maintenance man for as long as the Derricksons owned the place. He was always assisted by his brother, William.

I believe the first hotel manager the Derricksons had was Mrs. Lucille Downs from Clewiston, Florida. Then in 1946 Mrs. Downs quit for a couple of years and Al Dewey took over. In 1948 Mrs. Downs came back, I think for the duration of the Derrickson's ownership. Mrs. Down's brought her own crew with her each year, except for a few waitresses. I can remember eating in the hotel dining room when she was manager and Walter Holmes was cook. It was a real treat.

The Derrickson brothers expanded the west wing of the hotel back towards the street to double the wing's original size and make the addition three stories high. This brought the total number of rooms to 80. The Derrickson boys were both jovial fellows and got along really well with the public. Vernon was a big tall man while, Jimmy was just average size. They were originally from New Bern, and Jimmy had met and married a Morehead girl and settled down in her home town. They also had a hotel in West Virginia which Vernon looked out for, while Jimmy oversaw the operation of the one in Atlantic Beach.

In October of 1954 Hurricane Hazel removed the parts of the dining room and sun room which projected seaward of the lobby, but the main part of the hotel escaped being severely damaged. The damage was repaired and the hotel was back in business by the next summer season. In 1955 a seawall was built in front of Atlantic Beach proper which prevented further damage from Hurricane Donna in 1960.

In March of 1963 the Derricksons sold the hotel to Ray Masten of Greenville, and I kind of lost touch with its happenings. A couple of years later in the early morning hours of September 28, 1965 I awoke to the sound of the beach fire alarm. Although I was a volunteer fireman at the time, I was sick and was going to stay in bed, but when I looked out of my window and saw the hotel ablaze, I knew I had to go. The fire started in the northeast wing and with the wind to the northeast it rolled completely around the building in almost no time. With our limited supply of water there was nothing we could do to save it. I stood and watched by childhood home go up in smoke. I go back to the location every now and then, and while I'm there, I look around and can almost see the old familiar places of my youth. They say that your home is where your heart is. If this is the case, then the Atlantic Beach Hotel on the boardwalk of Atlantic Beach will always be my home, if only in my dreams.

### *You*

*Someday I'm leaving the shore behind.*

*Someday soon I'll be ready -*

*Ready to leave the slashing waves,*

*Blind to a "slick ca'm" sea.*

*Someday Lookout will not mean much*

*With her history of whalers wild and free.*

*Someday I'm leaving it all behind -*

*Away to the thrill of the city's grind.*

*I'll be a spoke in the city's wheel*

*If its charms should so entice.*

*But for now the lore of the coastal banks*

*Still holds me in a vise.*

*Someday I'll go when I'm tired of the sand*

*And the water's lure of shrimp and shells,*

*When wild banker ponies may leave me cold.*

*I'll go when I'm tired of the history of Macon,*

*Tired of the fishing and the swirling waters,*

*When Carteret's riches are fully partaken.*

*No, I'm held in a vise to the end of my days.*

*Let's face it, not fight it,*

*I'm a Carteret "latecomer" who's here to stay.*

*Someday I'll go, as nature intends,*

*Alone into darkness seeking the light,*

*Where it glows with warmth of my Carteret friends.*

*Billie C. Huling*

## Where the Blackfish Wintered

Mike Luster, NC Folklife Project

Roughly fifteen years into the present century, Beaufort's predominantly African-American menhaden crews were joined by another group of fishermen who were different from Carteret County's Anglo-Celtic majority. These were the blackfisherman, men who went after the black sea bass, a delicacy once popular in the restaurants of New York. Blackfish, as they were known in North Carolina, feed near wrecks and submerged rocks out in the open ocean. The local fishermen liked to fish closer to shore, by and large, preferably inside, or even setting their seines off the beach, but in 1913 a Dutchman, a few Swedes and a handful of Norwegians came to Carteret Count and found their niche.

Jess Pagels had left his home in the Netherlands at fifteen, an apprenticed rigger, and traveled across the sea to Nova Scotia just in time to watch the century turn. He fished the waters there and off Newfoundland and New England, the region of the Grand Bank. Since about 1855 that had been a lucrative and attractive fishing ground and many a young man had been tempered to leave home and try his hand. It was indeed his hand he tried because there it was all handline fishing for cod. A schooner would travel to the Bank with a nest of dories stacked on its deck, dories from which young men singly or in pairs would work their handlines and bring their catch back to the schooner.

Among these young men were several others who had immigrated to the Grand Bank region from Sweden and Norway only to discover that the cod fishery was headed for a decline. Anton Thomas Neilsen ended up working on a dairy farm after coming from Norway at sixteen.

Just who got up the idea, and who came with whom is not clear, but a number of these deep-water fisherman began heading south after 1913 to Beaufort, where the blackfish wintered. In addition to the Dutchman Jess Pagels and the Norwegian Tom Neilsen, there were Ton's brothers Einar and Peter and also the Swedes Alex Ericksen and Eric Andersen. There was Chris Hansen, Billy Olson, Carl Johnson and Tom Iverson. And there was also Charlie Wolfe, Jim Ireland and Jack O'Brien.

Here they handlined for blackfish in crews of three or four men, dispersed and working from dories launched from the decks of their larger double-ended "blackfish boats," as the locals called them. These boats, brought south from the Maritimes, were better suited to working in the open waters and breaking seas than anything locally available. During the winter months, they would stay in the North Carolina waters, carrying groceries and ice enough for two or three days and delivering their catch back to the fish houses of the Way Brothers or J. H. Potter and Son. Toward the end of April, they would leave and head north, following the fish, and work out of the Angelsey-Wildwood, New Jersey area, where many of the Beaufort menhaden fishermen also summered. Both groups would head back south when the fish did, in October.

The Beaufort News always reported the coming and goings of both menhaden men and blackfishermen, for both groups played a significant role in the lives and fortunes of the local citizenry. When Tom Nielsen's boat, the *Alice*, ran into a storm on Pamlico Sound, late in September of 1922, the paper reported that he and his crew of four might surely have been lost but not for superior seamanship and their "sturdy little smack." Tristram Tupper captured some of the emotion in his romantic novel of 1923, set against a background of Beaufort and its blackfishermen:

*Quote: There is a handful of these men, and they know the sea as the farmer knows the soil, all its moods and vagaries. Most of they are "furemers" – Norwegians with gaunt bodies, high cheek bones and faded blue eyes. They are insensible to danger, or else have innate within them the hardihood to conquer the storms that piletramp steamers upon the shoals and drive befogged liners to their doom upon this coast. In stubby two-masted schooners they go out under sail, or power, or both, it matters not the weather; and they keep on going until the shore line has long been lost to sight. Above the submerged wreck of a blockade runner of Civil War days they lower their anchors. And here they pull fathoms of fishline in over the low gunwales, one line then the other, until the hold is filled with a smothered mass of blackfish. They stay until the hold is filled, through calm and hurricane, or else go to the bottom. And when they weigh anchor a pennant is hoisted, and when they come in across the bar the people ashore have a way of saying, "They're coming with flag flying. They got fish. They got blackfish." A day or two later the mothers of large cities remove the bones and feed their children on several ounces of human courage; or, more vividly, one may imagine the number of people who, signaling the waiter for the next course, complain cause it is drizzling outside.*



"The boat on the left was called the *Margaret*, and belonged to Uncle Einar. The one right next to it is the *Alice* which belonged to my Dad, Thomas Anton Neilson, known as Capt. Tom Neilsen." Ann Marie Hansen



The selling of these lucrative fish, almost exclusively to the New York market, meant cash flow to the Beaufort economy. It was news when Tom Nelson, as he was always called in the Beaufort paper, brought in four thousand pounds of blackfish aboard the *Alice*. Tom Neilsen fished for J. H. Potter and Son, as did his brother Pete. Einar Neilsen was in charge of the *Margaret*. Jess Pagels captained the *Annis* for the Way Brothers. Independently, Jack O'Brien was captain of Hal Potter's boat the *Etta*, and the people would say that the *Gem* was run by Jim Ireland and his dog.

In the fall of 1925, both H. H. Potter Company and its chief competitor, the Way Brothers, commissioned boats to be built along the lines of the successfully imported "blackfish boats." Both boats were built by the yard of Jule Whitehurst and John Rice, located on Beaufort's west end. For the Potter company, they built the *Piggie*, thirty-eight feet in length by ten-and-a-half in beam. For the Ways, they built the *Johnnie* and *Elinore* forty-two feet by twelve-and-a-half with a forty-horse motor. Pete Neilsen would captain the *Piggie*, and Jess Pagels took over the *Johnnie* and *Elinore*, leaving the *Annis* to "Gus" Andersen.

But there was more than just financial interest in the blackfishermen. There were wives and families on shore watching for the pennants. For the most part, these "foreigners" lost little time making themselves accepted members of the community, turning into a number of local families. Jess Pagels married Dora Rice in 1916, Tom Neilsen married Mary Johnson in 1920, the same year Eric Andersen married Carrie Willis, and Andersen served as a witness the following year when Alex Erickson married Betty Congleton. Alex was the youngest to marry. He was twenty-nine; most were in their thirties or forties.

Most seem to have been good, if hard-working family men. Tom Neilsen was forty-two when he married Mary Johnson. It was his second marriage. He had lost a wife in New York. He wrote regularly to his sister in Norway and would speak a little Norwegian when Chris Hansen, Tom Iverson brother Eimar came to the house on Saturday nights for bakery goods and big mugs of coffee. His daughters Edith and Ann Marie never learned his language, but remember fondly his inflected English, how he would say "used finished" when he meant "just finished," and how he would sing softly to himself in Norwegian. He liked to cook things like turkey with sausage dressing. He kept his Lutheran upbringing largely to himself except when his anti-Catholicism over-rode his Democratic politics and kept him from voting for Al Smith.

Chris Hansen, Tom Neilsen's crewmate, sang Norwegian songs to his daughters when they were very small, but he balked at teaching them the language. He was extremely proud of being a new American, of the wealth of American history he learned in preparation for his citizenship. He too would write letters home to Norway, using his native language, and he would use his good English to reminisce about his boyhood, skating on the frozen fjords near Oslo. His stepson William Harry Bates followed him for a while into the black-

fishing, but it was his daughter Christine, proud of her heritage, who dreamed of taking him back to visit his native land.

Christine Hansen Greenman's memories of her father's pride and good spirits are especially vivid for her because she got to see him so infrequently. Blackfishing was a good living until the 1930's when the Depression all but killed it. The New York markets dried up, bank failures made equipment purchases impossible, and the blackfishermen themselves were getting a little old for the lonely handlining twenty miles from shore. What blackfish were taken were increasing caught with log-weighted trawl nets, like those Chris Hansen left to fish from a boat based in Norfolk. He would travel as far as Nova Scotia catching redfish, some blackfish and a few blues.

He made it home only twice a year, when the trawler went up on the railway, and he found many things changed. J. H. Potter and Son gave up blackfish altogether and went full-tilt into the menhaden fishery. Both Alex Erickson and Tom Iverson became house painters, and the bachelor Pete Neilsen became known for his fine finish work. His brother Tom passed away in 1938 at Wildwood, New Jersey, on what was probably one of the last appearances there by a Beaufort-based blackfisherman. Eric Andersen died the following year. Jess Pagels, like Chris Hansen fiercely proud of his adopted home, lived until 1953, when his fiftieth year in Beaufort was just finished.

In 1970, the year William Way finally sold off the *Johnnie* and *Elinore*, Tom Iverson, the last of the blackfisherman, passed away. He had left his grandparents' home in 1906, a cabin boy on a square-rigged Norwegian merchant ship, and followed that trade until he was injured, when both he and this century were in their twenties. A hospital stay cost him his berth, so he took up fishing, first at New York's Sheepshead Bay and then, in the late 'twenties, he came to Beaufort and handlined from one of the *Alice*'s dories, within ear-shot of the softly inflected voices of Tom Neilsen and Chris Hansen.

Chris and Christine Hansen never got to travel together to visit their ancestral home, nor did Jess Pagels ever show his daughter Jess his native Netherlands. Tom Iverson never showed Norway to Tom Junior. But each of Beaufort's blackfishermen left behind a lasting legacy, an enduring reminder that we are all immigrants at some remove, and that homes, once chosen, are made best by those who care to be there.

This recount was made from information shared by Jess Pagels Leinthal, Edith Neilsen Miller, Ann Marie Hansen, William Harry Bates, Christine Hansen Greenman, Tom Iverson, Jr., William Way, and Benny Noe. Photos were from the collection of Ann Marie Hansen. Information from back issues of the *Beaufort News*, Carteret County records, and the novel *Adventuring* by Tristram Tupper.

## *In Memory, Lillian Belle Lewis Davis (1910-1991)*

*Joel Hancock*

My Aunt Lillian died on July 2. She had been ill for a long time and in recent years she had lapsed into and out of awareness of anything that happening around her. Several times I tried to tell her how deeply I appreciated the things she had done to preserve the stories that now mean so much to me and many others. I think she sensed how I felt, even when she could not acknowledge me with much more than a smile. I have chosen to remember her in the pages of **The Mailboat** because of the vital contribution she made to preserving and telling the stories that are so much a part of what **The Mailboat** is trying to continue.

Aunt Lillian's mother (my grandmother, Bertha Willis Lewis) had been born and raised at Diamond City on Shackelford Banks and had lived there until the great hurricane of 1899 caused her family to flee the Banks and find a new home at Harkers Island. Grandmother's influence on her was pervasive and would color almost everything Aunt Lillian ever did.

Lillian married Earl Davis, one of the very first from Harkers Island to have a college education. Earl soon became one of the leading men in the community and provided his family, which eventually included three children, a very secure and stable standard of living. Lillian took advantage of her relative affluence to pursue other interests, including researching her family history and recording the stories of both Diamond City and Harkers Island.

Her interest in genealogy was stimulated by the religious beliefs she had inherited from her mother. Mormon theology places an emphasis on recording family stories and upon tracing family trees for as far back as can be determined. Her research eventually pushed all the way back to Ebenezer Harker and to several other of the earliest settlers in the area.

She eventually compiled narrative histories of Harkers Island and Shackelford Banks that even now must be a part of any serious research into those topics. When David Stick was researching his landmark work, **The Outer Banks of North Carolina**, Aunt Lillian was one of those he sought out for accounts and information. Likewise, Charlie Whedbee frequently called on her when gathering collections of stories and tales for his many works on outer banks lore and legends. Several years ago the **Carteret County News Times** ran serial editions of her local histories that were widely acclaimed in that paper's letters and editorials.

Less well known are the several other works she completed that are just as significant, at least for some of us, as her more widely known volumes. In the mid 1950's she wrote a short biography of Bertha Lewis she called simply, "My Mother." In it she lovingly retraced the sometimes dramatic events of her mother's life, including her conversion to Mormonism and her family's exodus from Shackelford Banks. Soon thereafter Aunt Lillian completed an autobiography she titled "My Life." It is a straight forward, yet fascinating account of growing up in her mother's family, and on the unique corner of the world that was early

twentieth century Harkers Island. She also told of her courtship and marriage to Earl, and of her ongoing efforts at preserving the stories she had heard so often as a girl.

Finally, she compiled several accounts of miraculous events that had occurred in her life and in the lives of her family. Called "Inspirational Experiences," it chronicled the influence of the family's religious faith in events ranging from her having escaped injury at the hands of rock throwing mob, to the healing of her own daughter many years later.

Perhaps Aunt Lillian's most lasting contribution to local historiography was her very first effort at writing history. It was hand typed and published only among family and friends on duplicating machines and copiers. It was called "The History of the Latter-day Saint Church on Harkers Island." In a few "thunder-charged" pages she detailed the events, including feelings and fears, that surrounded the tumultuous early history of her "peculiar" denomination as it struggled to gain a foothold at Harkers Island.

When, more than a generation later, I attempted to expand on the work she had done, I came to realize that without her efforts my own would have been quite unsuccessful. I attempted to state as much in the "Acknowledgement" of my book, **Strengthened by the Storm**, as I thanked all those who had influenced my research.

*... Yet no other prior effort can approach the influence of the several unpublished works of Lillian Lewis Davis. Even the title of this account was inspired by an observation she included in one of her studies. I shudder to think how much more difficult and less accurate this endeavor might have been without the guiding light of her accounts. "Big Sister," as we call her, was as diligent as she was thorough. She properly should be considered as the vital link that has preserved the basic stories of the Church, and of the Island, until now. A quick glance at the footnotes and bibliography will suggest the importance of her contributions . . .*

Most of her work was accompanied by little fanfare, such that only a relative few knew, or know, of its existence. But her influence on her friends and family, especially on one of her many nephews, was more formative and pervasive than even she might have imagined. So Goodbye "Big Sister!" Goodbye and Godspeed!

Thanks for the free movie passes and the summer jobs, but most of all thanks for the people I know mostly through the many stories you told me. I'll never forget you or those people, or how your stories made me feel. I'll do my best to make sure that those people and those stories, including your part in them, won't be forgotten.



## Notes from the Ocracoke Preservation Society Newsletter ...

### National Register of Historic Places

Sunday, May 26, was Historic District Day on Ocracoke. After almost four years, our nomination to the National Register of Historic Places has been completed and approved.

Ocracoke's historic architecture was first surveyed for the 1980 Hyde County Survey. In 1987, with monies provided by the North Carolina legislature, a more comprehensive architectural survey was begun by Genevieve and Tim Keller.

In the spring of 1990, M. Ruth Little of Longleaf Historic Resources field checked the inventory, revised the boundaries of the district in consultation with Dru York and Claudia Brown of the NC Historic Preservation office and rewrote the nomination. It was then presented to the people of Ocracoke at a public meeting before being sent to the NC Historic Preservation Office and then to the National Register. Final approval was granted on September 28, 1990.

The district spreads out around Silver Lake, with a rather irregular outline to include the lot lines of contributing buildings. Two things unify the district: the covering vegetation which overruns lots and also outlines many house plots, and Silver Lake.

In an architectural context, there is nothing really unique about island structures. The story and a jump, the I-house, the four-square are not really unusual. It is the "collective totality" that adds greatly to the significance of the area. For example, houses and several out buildings are found on one lot clustered most often by kinship. The houses are connected in many cases by paths, not roads. Privacy was obtained by fencing and natural vegetation. The system of cisterns and fences still in evidence throughout the community are termed "contributing structures" along with the lighthouse and the docks.

The papers prepared for the nomination to the Historic Register contain a great deal of information and are available at the David Williams House in the Ocracoke Preservation Society office. A great deal of work was done by Ellen Marie Cloud, Ward Garrish and Calvin O'Neal.

... "I believe with great conviction that Ocracoke is at a most important crossroads in its history ... (it) will grow and change. The NR designation alone will not protect a single historic house, fence, or cistern from private undertaking," he continued. "The nomination has established a starting point. The unique qualities have been identified so that they can be understood and preserved.

"In the past ten years developers who have not shown much sensitivity to your village, to its history and customs, have started to shape the appearance of the village in ways that harm its historic character. Historic preservation is not about stopping progress, rather it is about planning for orderly growth and thoughtful development, for new construction that enhances rather than detracts from the historic structures as well as the landscape, the path, the native vegetation that gives the place its character and charm.

"The celebration tonight is that you have something that is wonderful here, on Ocracoke, something that has achieved national recognition. This evening marks the official end of a very important project, and the beginning of an even greater challenge."

### Williams House now OPEN!

The David Williams house has been open on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday during July, from 9:30 am - 3:00 pm, with volunteers manning the gift shop, discussing the house and the two rooms that have been set up -- a living room and kitchen area. (Thanks to Ellen Cloud and Leslie Lanier.)

### Picture Display in Progress

Charles Brown, a professional photographer and history buff, has started a new project for the Preservation Society. He is interested in obtaining old photographs of Ocracoke scenes which will be copied for display in the museum. No damage will be done to the originals and they will be returned to the owner. He is especially interested in street scenes, houses, and harbor shots -- particularly from before 1940.

Identification of landmarks is especially important for Butsie, Charlie's wife, will make identifying captions for the pictures. If you have pictures you think might be of interest and are on the island, please bring them to the museum on Saturday mornings. If necessary, pictures and information, including return address, may be sent to Charles at Box 82. Please make sure these are identified as completely as possible.

**Members Welcome!** If you need more information on the Ocracoke Preservation Society write: OPS, PO Box 491, Ocracoke, NC 27960 (Membership dues includes \$10 for Individuals and \$25 for Families.) Their membership stretches across the United States and into several foreign countries. Be a part of this growing and dedicated membership.



## Alton Ballance - "Tar Heel of the Week"

*The News & Observer, Sunday, May 19, 1991*

*Congratulations from The Mailboat to our friend, Alton, for this well-deserved and distinguished honor. We join with the News & Observer in recognizing the contributions Alton has made to the future of Ocracoke as well as the preservation of its past. We reprint here a portion of Jerry Allegood's feature article:*

OCRACOKE - No one was seeking fame and fortune when 10-year old Alton Ballance began tagging along with his crusty old neighbors, Uriah and Sullivan Garrish, on fishing trips to the sandy reefs around Ocracoke Island.

They were looking for mullets.

The older fishermen taught the boy to watch for leaping fish in shallow water, and to string our a gill net to corral the darting quarry. From them he learned the pride that comes with hand-loading several hundred pounds of fish into a small wooden skiff. This was the stuff of hard work, not glamour.

The Garrish brothers fished until there were in their 80's, and they died a few years ago. The boy has grown up to be a teacher, inn proprietor, county commissioner and author with scant time for fishing. But the legacy of their days on the water is helping to make this island village a little rich and better known.

Mr. Ballance, now 34, wove stories from the Garrishes and other villagers into his 1989 book, *Ocracokers*. The book looks beyond the quaint resort loved by tourists to portray Ocracoke as natives see it. To repay villagers who shared their lives with him, he has donated all proceeds from the book to the island's only school, where he teaches.

... Royalties are earmarked for developing reading and writing skills in elementary grades. Teachers happily picked out about \$1,500 worth of books for kindergarten and first graders this year and set aside additional money for other grades in following years.

"It's been wonderful because we've been able to enlarge our world," says Merle Creech, who teaches kindergarten and first-grade students.

That can mean a lot when your slice of the world is a sandy slip of land miles away from the mainland. Sitting in a porch swing at his bed-and-breakfast inn, Mr. Ballance describes how expanding his own horizons helped him to understand the world off the island and to protect what makes Ocracokers special.

Generations of Ballances have lived here. Alton's parents live in a house adjacent to the inn, the two building are connected by a footpath over a small stream and through a patch of trees.

Despite his deep roots in the 17-mile long island, Mr. Ballance is an avid traveler. He enjoys rambling in the mountains and lists New York City as one of his favorite places to visit.

... Although the island had been relatively isolated for generations, it has changed rapidly in the last two decades as tourism spurred the construction of hotels, shops and res-

taurants. The economic development has not been without its problems.

Soaring prices for coastal real estate have forced land values and tax bills to triple, making it hard for families to hold onto ancestral homes. Farther north along the Outer Banks, oil companies want to drill into the seabed off Hatteras Island to explore for natural gas. Many islanders fear accidents could mar the environment and the secondary effects of heavy industry could alter the coast, Ocracoke with it.

Mr. Ballance has supported county land-use regulations that would ban oil and gas facilities on Ocracoke. He argues that the natural beauty of the coast is more important to the nation than the economic boom associated with drilling.

... The conflict between the old and new Ocracoke drew Mr. Ballance into politics in 1984. The island's representative on the Hyde County Board of Commissioners did not seek re-election, and Mr. Ballance was elected without opposition.

He felt changes were threatening the island's character, but he also knew that private-property issues were touchy in an island populace fiercely proud of individualism. When county officials floated a proposal for zoning and other development controls in 1981, Ocracoke voters sank it in a referendum by nearly 2-to-1.

The 650 full time residents of the unincorporated village live in a 775-acre private enclave in Cape Hatteras National Seashore. As a county commissioner Mr. Ballance helped lay the groundwork for another development ordinance that would for the first time put limits on buildings. He helped islanders understand the benefits of requiring buildings to be set back from property lines, of requiring a set number of parking spaces at businesses and of place a height limit on buildings.

... Mr. Ballance, a slender, boyish bachelor, says his main challenge in life is to balance his jobs as teacher, commissioner, writer and innkeeper. He seems in constant motion, darting to the school to check on progress of the latest edition of the school paper - *The Ocracoke Island News* - then stopping to see an elderly aunt and talking with a deputy sheriff at the inn. He says all of the residents must become involved in community activities if they want to insure the village's survival.

"I want Ocracoke to be more than just a tourist resort and haven for second homes and retirees," he says. "I want it to continue to be a place where families can raise children in the best possible environment."



## Mailboat Notes

### Christmas Memories ...

The 1990 "Christmas Memories" booklet will be reprinted in October along with the new Christmas collection. Anyone wanting to reserve copies should contact **The Mailboat**. Each subscriber will receive one copy of the 1991 book, and those who have purchased last year's subscription since Christmas will receive a reprint of the 1991 edition.

Deadline for the new Christmas collection is October 1st. Any/all Christmas-related stories, poems, newspaper clippings, pictures, sketches, and memories ... **SEND THEM TO US!** This year's book welcomes stories from Ocracoke, Portsmouth, Lukens, Salter Path and Bogue Banks, all of Down East, Beaufort, Morehead, and all places in-between. Call me if you have ideas, suggestions, or know someone who would possibly have a story to share.

### Future Mailboat Articles ...

These articles are some of what will be included in future **Mailboat's**. If you have information, pictures, etc., or would like to help research and write, please give me a call. Because of other commitments, Joel's role in **The Mailboat** is now limited to typesetting, and occasional articles/reviews as his schedule allows. However, the typesetting is a valuable part of the overall process, and one that could not be replaced without an increase in the subscription rate, so **The Mailboat** is very grateful. However, help with writing, collecting, and editing is very much needed. Maybe someday soon, **The Mailboat** can grow to be financially able to support a part-time staff, in the meantime I need to organize a group of volunteers who can help research, interview, collect, write, type (computer) and/or help in other ways. Please work with us to achieve that goal ... There is so much we need to do -- all of us. **The Mailboat** is just a beginning! (\*\* See the volunteer sign-up sheet.)

Topics in-process include: - Hospitals, doctors, nurses, mid-wives, and home medicines

In the June 1991, **North Carolina Medical Journal**, there is a wonderful article by Dr. Marvin P. Rozear of Duke University (and a **Mailboat** subscriber) on the hospital at Portsmouth. Entitled "North Carolina's First Hospital," this account not only includes the history of the hospital, but much of the story of Portsmouth as well. We hope to reprint parts of this in a future **Mailboat**.

World War II stories (December marks 50 years since Pearl Harbor. We hope to include stories of the heroes of this country, including those that served at home as well as overseas. WWII was closer to Carteret County than many realized. This is a chance to tell those stories.)

Fishing crews, captains, boats ... anything about the families who "worked the water" when "the sounds were full" ... like the Salter Path fishing crews who worked the beach, the buy-boats that were needed before ice and refrigeration, net-making and boat building ... the story of **REAL** fishermen.

Hunting Stories ... last year's fall issue only mentioned the hunting clubs, hunting guides and the lifestyle that was centered around the waterfowl that used to fill the skies. We are looking for some "first-hand" stories ...

Community stores ... places where folks used to gather and talk. A listing of these from each community would be a big help.

Music Down East and Carteret County ... the talent born here stretches across the country. Folk music, country, church and gospel, rock and roll, even classical musicians and vocalists whose careers began here. Help us record this wonderful part of our lives here on the coast of North Carolina.

As always ... mailboat memories, hurricane stories, school stories, family histories, and other recollections of years ago.

A ticket form for the **Ocracoke Weekend Giveaway** has been included. If you would like to "take more chances than we've included" feel free to copy the entry form and send with your \$1. Alton Ballance (author of *Ocracokers* and owner of "The Crews Inn" bed and breakfast on Ocracoke) is working with us to give **Mailboat** subscribers the opportunity to win "a weekend for two" at Ocracoke. Dates and arrangements for the weekend will be scheduled according to the winners' preferences. The drawing will be held at the "Fall Get-together." Money from this effort will help with printing and postage -- as always!

### Special thanks ...

To all of you who have joined as "**Mailboat Partners**" ... Your help has been more important that you can even imagine. **The Mailboat** invites all who will help us grow to join the "**Partners**" program.

Subscription renewals are still needed. Over 400+ of our 700+ subscribers have signed-on for another year. If you haven't, check your label to find out when your subscription begins and ends. If you have questions, call/write.

Again, I need any names/addresses of possible subscribers. Several **Mailboat** subscribers are helping me with a "New Subscription Campaign" within the next few weeks, and will be mailing a flyer and subscription information to a long list of "prospects" ... If you know someone who might enjoy **The Mailboat**, let us know.

And to all of you ... a BIG - BIG THANK YOU for your unending patience with **The Mailboat's** "feeble staff"! Many times deadlines do not always get met as hoped ... but never give-up. **The Mailboat WILL** go on ... Thank you for all your many kind notes of encouragement. Just when I wonder WHY there is a **Mailboat**, a note or phone call from one of you comes, and then I remember.

Special note: Those who have let me borrow pictures, don't panic, I am in the process of returning them. I am trying to make sure that a copy of each of them has been made and included with whatever information can be gathered about it for future references, and possibly placed on file with a local museum or library.

**Stories Wanted:** Stories, anecdotes and memories are wanted about the old Morehead hospitals, doctors, nurses and midwives.

There are many tales to be told and stories to be remembered about the first hospital (1912) in the Paragon Building, the Morehead Municipal Hospital (1919) and the people who devoted their lives to caring for the sick and injured. Stories about Dr. Ben F. Royal, founder; Miss Edith Broadway, head nurse at Doctor Royal's hospitals; Dr. William Headen, one of the early doctors and so many others who contributed to the well-being of the communities of this county. There must have been strange or unusual remedies and cures when a doctor or nurse was unavailable, especially in the days before there was a hospital. Diaries, letters and pictures tucked away in desk drawers, cigar boxes or old Whitman's candy boxes probably contain enough memorabilia to complete an anecdotal history of early Carteret County medicine. Stories of the days and nights of the World War II carnage on the coast and the part the Morehead Hospital played in saving the lives of so many seamen are especially important. No remembrances are too trivial; they are the warp and woof that make the whole cloth of Carteret County medical lore.

Please write or call Bonnie Hine, 209 Pensacola Avenue, Morehead City, NC 28556 (919/247-2471 -- and let's get some of this glorious history into print!

*Editor's Note: The Mailboat extends a plea for the same kind of stories from across the county ... We plan to publish the collection that Bonnie is organizing and would like to include the entire county's medical history.*

*With the closing of Sea Level Hospital last spring a wonderful chapter of Down East's history concluded. All of us who were born there or "healed" there can readily admit what a special place it was. Folks like Dr. Webb and Dr. Peacock will never be forgotten. Wouldn't it be great to have the story of Sea Level Hospital recorded?*

*Other stories like Marshallberg's many home-grown doctors whose contributions to Beaufort and Down East cannot be measured would be an important part of this collection. The hospital at Portsmouth, which was the first hospital in North Carolina cannot be overlooked. There are so many important segments. Also, as Bonnie mentioned, before the days of doctors and hospitals there were home remedies and midwives that cared for the communities sick. These need to be recorded. Hopefully some of you will see this need and take the opportunity to be a part of collecting this important segment of our community histories.*

*Volunteers for each of the Down East communities, Beaufort, Western Carteret County, Ocracoke, Portsmouth, are all welcome. Let us know!*

## *We need your help ...*

Many of you have asked how YOU can help guarantee the future of **The Mailboat**. We are excited with the prospect of bringing more people into an active role in the collecting and publishing of our local history. **The Mailboat** has quickly grown to a "more than full-time job" and we need your help. Many thanks for your interest and support.

Below we have listed several ways you can help. We ask you to consider all of them, as all are important jobs that must be done. This next year will be a very important year for **The Mailboat**; we welcome your participation and hope that you will let us know (through this survey) which needs you can help us with. We will be calling on you soon to make plans.

### **Be a part of the "staff" ...**

\_\_\_\_ Contributing stories, interviews, library research, newspaper clippings, pictures, etc.

\_\_\_\_ Typing (Computer - IBM compatible, word perfect)

\_\_\_\_ Mailings (stuffing, stamping, sorting)

\_\_\_\_ Soliciting subscriptions (personal/phone contact), Sharing with co-workers, family, friends, and people you know would appreciate **The Mailboat**

\_\_\_\_ Distributing flyers throughout the county

\_\_\_\_ Grant writing  
\_\_\_\_ Advertising/Promotion at festivals and shows  
\_\_\_\_ "Get-Together" planning  
\_\_\_\_ "Get-Together" setup and clean-up  
\_\_\_\_ Other: List ideas and suggestions

### **Be a part of the support ...**

\_\_\_\_ Being a "Mailboat Partner" (Tax-deduction of \$100 or more) or,

\_\_\_\_ Being a "Mailboat Partner" by bringing us 10 (ten) new Mailboat subscribers. (When they subscribe, have them note your name on their subscription order.)

\_\_\_\_ Being a "Mailboat Sponsor" (Tax-deduction of \$500 or more)

\* All Mailboat Partners and Sponsors receive lifetime subscriptions to **The Mailboat**, and inclusion in the listing of Partners and Sponsors for one year.

Please return to us as soon as possible. We are depending on your response to help us with all the plans we have for the coming months. We look forward to working together to make this organization a long-term effort in recording and preserving our local history and the spirit of our people.



## Coastal Calendar

The fall of 1991 is shaping up to be a BUSY one. These dates are on **The Mailboat's** calendar so far ...

**Labor Day Weekend,  
August 31 - September 1**

**Carteret County Arts & Crafts  
Coalition Show**  
Beaufort Historical Association  
Grounds, Beaufort  
Booksigning: Sammie  
Doughton, **The Atlantic Hotel**

**Piney Woods Festival**  
McRae Park, Wilmington  
The Core Sound Decoy Car-  
vers Guild will be there!

**September 6, 7, and 8**

**North Carolina Wildlife and  
Sportsman's Show**  
Historic District, New Bern  
The Core Sound Decoy Car-  
vers will be there too!

**September 14 and 15**

**Currituck Waterfowl Festival**  
Currituck High School, Barco

**September 21**

**Genealogy Workshop**  
Carteret County Museum,  
Morehead City  
Contact the CCHS for details.

**September 28**

**Friends of Portsmouth Island  
Fall Meeting**  
Ocracoke, hosted by the  
Ocracoke Preservation Society

**October 1**

**Deadline for Christmas Stories**  
Reprints of last years  
"Christmas Memories" and this  
year's new edition will be avail-  
able in October.

**October 5 and 6**

**NC Seafood Festival**  
Waterfront - Evans Street,  
Morehead City  
(See details below.)

**October 12**

**Heritage Festival**  
Carteret County Museum of  
History and Art  
CC Museum, Wallace Drive,  
Morehead City  
Contact the CCHS for details,  
times, and tickets.

**October 19**

**Fall Get-Together**  
Harkers Island School, HI  
Theme: "School Teachers Who  
Made a Difference"  
(See "School Days" articles in  
this issue for details.)

**November 2**

**Cape Lookout Trip**  
Details as to whether this will  
be a day or overnight trip to be  
announced. Let me know if you  
are interested.

**December 7 and 8**

**Core Sound Decoy Festival**  
Harkers Island School, HI  
This year's festival will be the  
very best yet! More details,  
schedules, plans and previews  
will be included in the fall Mail-  
boat.

**If you love Carteret County  
and others who share that love  
join us for these events. Your  
interest, commitment, and par-  
ticipation is what makes these  
events a significant contribu-  
tion to keeping our history a  
LIVING experience.**

## Seafood Festival

The Mailboat has been asked to help organize the cultural his-  
tory part of this festival. Last year was the first year the Festival had  
included this as part of the weekend's activities. Those who "found"  
these demonstrations and exhibits were very excited with this part of  
the Festival which was very different from the crowds and congestion  
of the main section.

These artisans, crafters, demonstrators, and musicians were lo-  
cated across from the "Old Hospital" (now Harborview Towers) on  
the shoreline, and made for a pleasant relief from the heat and noise  
of the main attractions.

This year's group will include boat builders, net hangers, decoy  
carvers, local writers and storytellers. Demonstrations will show us  
how to carve net needles, build a nail-less gate, salt and pack mullet,  
and work rope. Invitations have been extended to chanter singers, ac-  
cordian players, round-dancers, fiddlers, and banjo players.  
Demonstrations and performances will be scheduled all day Saturday  
and local Gospel groups and singers will fill the stage on Sunday  
afternoon.

We hope YOUR SUPPORT will help confirm the need and in-  
terest in portraying this aspect of the "seafood culture" of Carteret  
County, and in doing so, encourage the Seafood Festival Committee  
to increase their financial commitment to this part of the Festival.  
The Mailboat stands strong in its commitment to make sure that  
those visiting this area, as well as those of us who belong here all year  
long, never forget "the way it used to be." Our history is rich and im-  
portant. It is OUR responsibility to make sure it is NEVER, EVER  
forgotten. If you can volunteer to help with the planning, setting-up,  
and/or working either of these days ... please call me! The Mailboat  
needs YOU!

## School Days Get-Together - October 19

The "Fall Get-Together" is scheduled for October 19th at  
Harkers Island School and will featured school day memories. The  
theme for the gathering is "Teachers Who Made a Difference." We  
already have several special guests who were taught or schooled  
here and have made significant contributions to all our school  
memories. If you have a special teacher or student (or both) that  
you would like to see, let us know. We'll invite them.

The plans for the event will be similar to the spring meeting  
with these exceptions:

Those wishing to attend will have a choice of coming to "eat  
and meet" or "just meet." The buffet seafood meal will be served  
from 5:30 until 7:00, exhibits on display in the library beginning at  
5:30, entertainment in the gym starting at 6, and the program begin-  
ning around 7. Prices (which go to cover expenses) are: EAT &  
MEET \$15/person; MEETING ONLY \$3/person, \$1/students.  
(Children are welcome if accompanied by their parents and super-  
vised appropriately.)

These gatherings are becoming quite a tradition (see the  
report of the baseball reunion in April). If you haven't been able to  
come yet, please make plans now. If you have, call someone that you  
know who would really appreciate and enjoy this affair. These  
events are for YOU ... There makes for lots of work, but when we  
all "GET TOGETHER" it's worth every minute of it! Now that we  
have worked out a way to handle the crowd we hope you will make  
sure that everyone with "salt water" in their veins will be a part of  
these times of sharing memories and lifetime friendships.

Reservations for the meal are still needed, so let us hear from  
you. Look for announcements in the paper!



*Hill's View**Eddie Hill*

Another Fourth of July celebration on the coast has come and gone, and I find myself once again in beautiful (but certainly not Atlantic) Roxboro. The precious few days spent in Carteret County are now but another of many memories, as the several days seemingly whirled away into a few short hours. It was a good visit, however, as the days were filled with visiting relatives, swimming in Core Sound and participating in the tradition of all July 4th traditions ... The Sea Level Fish Fry.

Now for the few less fortunate that may have never been part of this Down East institution, the Sea Level Fish Fry is a time of visiting, laughing, dancing and certainly eating. And for a matter of public record, the food this year was the best ever. Whoever decided to go to a clambake format should be commended.

Anyway, the Fish Fry, or should we now call it the Clambake, always features a local band and this year was no exception. Talk about giving your senses all that they can handle -- try filling the air with the southern twangs of some good old country music, throw in the smell of hushpuppies deep frying by the hundreds and add the obvious joy of a whole bunch of friends (young and old), all set to the backdrop of Nelson's Bay. It is a complete experience.

But back to the band ... Johnny Gray, Melvin Styron and the boys are surely headed to Nashville, as they seem to get better each time I hear them, which is about every two years or so.

One of the first times that I had the pleasure to hear this group of modern "Down East" cowboys was six years ago while attending Don Morris' Pig Pickin' on Core Banks. My fiancée and I were guests of my older (and only) brother, Eric, who had rented one of Don's "condos" for the holiday. Now for any of you that may be new on the scene, six years ago Don's cabins were not the prized buildings they are today. Back then, the cabins consisted on one room, one sink and precious little else. Can you imagine the surprise Nita, my sweetie, must have felt when she found out what was really meant by the expression, "renting a place for the 4th." It's a wonder how our relationship survived the weekend.

This particular Independence Day celebration featured the finest in live entertainment as it not only boasted of "Johnny Gray and the Gray Notes" (I think that is what they were called), but also ski divers and a cameo appearance by a quite entertaining gentleman playing the air guitar. The highlight of the evening was a quiet and romantic stroll down the beach later that night, as we left behind the jubilant carousers and privately experienced the tranquil beauty of the Banks at night under a Carolina moon.

Another July 4th that bears mentioning is the night that Capt. Emmitt maneuvered his trusty Boston Whaler around several shrimpers hard at work so that his passengers could wave hello and howl at the moon. This excursion followed a

spectacular fireworks show -- underwater -- concluding with a moonlit swim. At the time, a friend was visiting from Sanford and she still raves about how beautiful the phosphorus was glowing in the boat's wake.

Other recent holiday outings have included a visit to Alger's camps across from Davis, boat rides to Cape Lookout and "Wild Kingdom-like" cruises down Salter's Creek. Each its own little adventure, each accented with its own special and unique group of friends.

For one reason or another, folks Down East have a special way of paying tribute to this Independence Day celebration. I'm sure part of the reason is that "the majority of the crowd is already a good time waiting for an excuse to happen" but I think it goes a little beyond that. Maybe the 4th is such a unique time because the people Down East are pretty unique themselves and because they are awful independent by nature to begin with. Also, say what you want to about the locals, but you would be hard-pressed to find a group of individuals who believed more strongly in what America is all about. These men and women are hardworking, salt-of-the-earth kind of folks. I guess it's just natural for them to want to kick up their heels a little as part of the country's birthday party.

I will say that Nita and I have experienced six of these Down East Fourth of July happenings and would not consider being anywhere else in the world. Why would we? I mean let's face it, where else can you get eaten alive by mosquitoes under a hot July sun, and still be home in time to eat a plateful of caught-that-day mullets, scallops, calms and shrimp; throw in a few light rolls and some homemade desserts. That's LIVING ... "Living it up" Fourth of July style.

**The Mailboat**

P. O. Box 3  
Harkers Island, NC 28531  
(919) 728-4644

**\*A Collection of Coastal Carolina Memories\***

Compilation/Research: Karen Willis Ampsacher  
Typesetting/Layout: Joel Grant Hancock

Contributing writers, photographers and resources noted throughout. Reprints used by permission.

Our thanks to all who contribute their time, talents and memories to each issue of *The Mailboat*. A special thanks to Cap'n Jim Willis for proofreading our summer edition, and to Beth Munden for illustrations. A special appreciation to Rodney Kemp and Patsy Wells who are "always there."

This publication is the result of a cumulative effort of many individuals working to preserve the rich heritage of coastal North Carolina. We welcome your comments, suggestions, and ideas.

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It is with great pleasure and appreciation that **The Mailboat** welcomes these individuals to our growing list of **Mailboat Partners**. Our thanks also to countless others who have sent "a little extra just to help." Many times that "little extra" made all the difference. Through their willingness to be a part of the financial support of **The Mailboat's** early stages, this publication will have the opportunity to establish itself as an important part of the preservation of our local history.

We welcome others to join the **Partnership**. **The Mailboat** belongs to all of us ... it is **OUR** story. Together we can keep **The Mailboat** growing for years to come. We cannot do it alone. Your interest and enthusiasm with what we have brought together in the first few issues encourages us to "keep digging" ... There is so much that needs to be included! Thank you for helping us "get it into print." We look forward to many years of working together as **partners**.

(To become a Mailboat Partner, see p. 33.)



"The Mailboat" represents a network of writers, historians, teachers, collectors, folklorists, artists, crafters, and preservationists who are keenly interested in the cultural heritage of North Carolina's coast. Its purpose is to record and share the unique character of this area, its people, and its maritime history and traditions. Together we hope to establish a resource for anyone seeking to learn more about the distinct culture of Carolina's coastal region.

"The Mailboat," will provide a means of exchange for all whose interest in this area reaches not only to the past, but also is concerned about the future of this changing lifestyle. It will include reviews from local books, features from contributing writers and students, a calendar of cultural events, and information on preservation efforts within the communities of Carolina's coast. A subscription will also include a 10% discount on all purchases from Coastlore's catalog of books, prints, and collectibles.

Join us as we strive to keep the real beauty of coastal Carolina alive. It is our belief that those who genuinely care about the coast of North Carolina—the people, their lifestyles, the environment—can preserve and protect this culture from the changes taking place. We can hold on to the things that make Carolina's coast a uniquely beautiful place. May all of us—natives, newcomers, residents, and visitors—share with one another our love for this truly special place.

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